

THE  
SIEGE  
OF  
MEMPHIS,  
OR THE  
Ambitious Queen.

A TRAGEDY, Acted at the  
THEATER-ROYAL.

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Written by *Tho. Durfey*, Gent.

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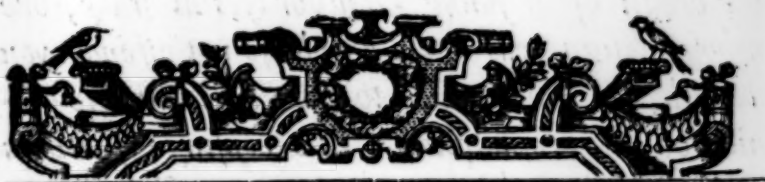
*Non fit sine Periculo facinus magnum & memorabile, Terent.*

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LONDON,  
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MEMORANDUM

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Letter from Mr. Cadogan to the  
Secretary of the Admiralty  
change in the Strand, 67.



TO THE  
TRULY GENEROUS  
HENRY CHEVERS, Esq;

SIR,

**T**He favourable aspect you were pleas'd to cast, upon this Poem (the first fruits of an Infant Muse) together with the knowledge I have of your excellent temper, and unalter'd clemency, have sufficiently warranted my presumption of throwing it at your feet, and by making it an humble present to a Person so far above the common Sphere, secure it from the peircing Tallons of Eagle Eyed Criticks: I know it is a trifle that by the meanes of the stile, the want of good design, and the ill representation at the Theatre, being Play'd to the worst advantage, has got little credit with the World. and consequently is

A 3 far

## Epistle Dedicatory.

far unworthy your patronage, but if you consider the credit of a young Author lies at stake, one whose design was onely to please not offend, you doubtless will be induc'd to a more favourable opinion of my presumption. The censures of others will the less trouble me when you protect it, knowing how common 'tis now to discant on Authors truly famous and worthy all applause, as well as others of a far meaner knowledge and reputation. 'Tis my desire, I confess, to be free from malicious censures, and that my partial Reader would be so favourable as not to be my Interpreter, but content himself with the Perusal, according to Martial (*Absit a jocorum nostrorum simplicitate malignus interpres,*) But since the humour of this Age tends another way, I must study self satisfaction, and relie on the Patronage of a Person whose worth I am so well acquainted with, that the criticisms of pretenders will appear as ridiculous as they can endeavour to make this Poem, if they durst write themselves.

S I R,

Your obliged humble Servant.

Tbo. Durfey



# PROLOGUE.

**J**udges of Wit, you, whose discerning Eyes  
 Know the right path and nearest, to be wise  
 That never damn'd a Play, as a despite  
 To us, but always thought your selves i'th' right,  
 Our Rhymers swears it never shall corrode  
 Upon his mind, since 'tis grown *Al-a-mode*,  
 Since great and pow'ful Sons of Poetic  
 Have felt your pointed censures, why not he?  
 The Age is alter'd now, he that has Wit,  
 Ne're uses it abroad, but in the Pit,  
 There spreads it all, and e're one Scene does know,  
 Calls friend aside, Cries, Dammy, *Jack* lets go,  
 Not a Wench here that's worth the speaking to.  
 Others that want Wit, hither come to glean,  
 Seem to find fault and cavil at a Scene,  
 Because they understand it not, yet will  
 Dislike, because 'tis Modish, and Gentile.  
 Thus both ways we our Enemy's inclose:  
 The Wise and Fools are equally our foes,  
 'Tis true some tender hearted Females come,  
 That want divertisement and trade at home,  
 But little's to be got by them, alas!  
 They bring good faces, but their moneys brags,  
 Madam, we cry, 'tis naught, she peeps through hood,  
 Cries, truth, my Lord did give it me for good,  
 Still this makes ill for us, such as doe pay  
 Bring naughty money, such as do not, stay  
 Your Criticism's greater then your sins are,  
 And yet, you'd laugh to hear, *Old Cole* of *Windsor*,  
 A bawdy Ballad, though with non sence cram'd,  
 Will please ye when a serious Play is damn'd,  
 But do your worst for we resolve to try,  
 A proof now of the Ladies Clemency,  
 If they but favour us, you must obey,  
 Their frowns hurt you more then you'l hurt our Play,  
 But should they hiss and our designs condemn  
 It were an horrible damage by them,  
 You are such Devils and so far exceed,  
 From you 'twere worse then to be damn'd indeed,  
 But in their heav'nly breasis no rancour lyes,  
 Their censures must be glorious as their eyes,  
 And he that hears, and follows not their rule,  
 Is impotent, I'me sure, if not a Fool.

The

## Persons Represented.

**M**elechadel, King of Egypt.

*Ptollomy*, his Son

*Philopater*, Caliph and General

*Achmades*

*Halem*

} two Peers

*Zichmi*, } Brother to *Halem*, and a Com-  
          } mander under *Philopater*

*Zelmura*, Queen of Egypt

*Amasis*, Sister to *Zelmura*

*Sapkrena*, *Amasis* Confident

} Egyptians.

Messengers, Souldiers, Guards, and At-  
tendants, Men and Women.

*Selabdin*, Sultan of Syria.

*Moaron*, his Son.

*Pfannis*, Friend to *Moaron*.

*Aldabar*, Captain in *Selabdin's* Army.

Souldiers, Guards, and Attendants.

**The Scene, Memphis, besieged.**

(1)

THE  
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ACT. I. SCENE I.

*The Curtain being drawn, an Alarm of Drums and Trumpets are heard, the Scene representing a Turret, besieged by Moaron, Psamnis, and Syrians; Zelmura, Phillopater, Ziehmi, and Egyptians, appearing on the Walls defending, a skirmish of Darts, which done the Scene changes to Melechadels Pallace.*

*Enter Melechadel, Ptolomy, and Achmades.*

*Ach.* **P**erish the World e're I forsake my Throne,  
Or leave that City, which my Birth did own;  
The Sun shall freeze, and Nights pale Goddess  
burn,

The Solid Globe to its first Chaos turn,  
E're Melechadel fears: Draw up our Moors,  
By Heaven I'll dare the utmost of their pow'rs,  
Kings are like Gods, when dauntless they appear,  
But worse than Peasants, if their Fate they fear.

*Achm.* Great *Apis* Priests foretel our overthrow,  
And Death comes wing'd like light'ning from the Foe.

I speak, Great Sir, not as I fear to die,  
 For death's a bliss in wars extreimity.  
 My loyal care, mean doubts do far exceed,  
 Ill fare true Subjects hearts, when Princes bleed.

*Ptollo.* Famine ith' City now 'gins to prevail,  
 And from without Destruction storms like hail;  
 The tired Souldier, with weak glowing eyes,  
 Looks down upon the Foe, then falls, and dies;  
 As if like Basilisks they gave us death,  
 Not with their dreadful weapons, but their breath.  
 What can we hope for, where such horror is!

*Melech.* Think on my Conquests past, then hope for this,  
 The Gods that made me Monarch, did creat  
 My Kingly Soul to have a Kingly fate.  
 Have I not conquer'd the insulting Moors,  
 Baffled the *Indian* and *Tartarian* Pow'rs,  
 When with my Troops I Legions have withstood  
 Of Daring Souldiers: whole warm Seas of Blood  
 O'reflow'd the Plains with Waves of crimson dye,  
 And fogs obscur'd the surface of the sky!  
 Have I not often with the Morning dawn,  
 Mounted my Chariot by fam'd Princes drawn  
 Through *Memphis*, whilst amazements charm'd the throng  
 To see my glorious Triumph pass along!  
 And shall we now our fortune fear to try,  
 He deserves Conquest best, who best dares die.  
 Bring up our Infantry to the assault,  
 And see 'em straight convey'd through the dark vault  
 Under our Palace: Fly *Achmades*, flie,  
 Fate points us out this way to Victory,  
 Embrace occasion e're it be too late,  
 We'll snatch our Conquest from the Gripes of Fate.  
 How now, What news. | *Exit Achmates.*

*Enter Zichmi*

*Zichm.* The Fence grows thin, my Liege,  
 And the remainder hardly brook the siege,  
 Such numbers with their dreadful darts are kill'd,  
 The Trenches with their liveless Trunks are fill'd,  
 And those that yet remain, serve but to shew  
 Omens of conquest to the daring Foe.

*Melch.*

*Melech.* These fatal objects us more Courage teach,  
*Ptolomy,* bring your Squadron to the breach,  
 Supply the Walls with Engines fit for spoile,  
 And on their heads pour Seas of flaming Oyl:  
 But I forget my Souls far better half,  
 How fares the Queen, is my *Zelmura* safe;  
 Are the Gods kind, and still here death defer,

*Zich.* She lives; and all our hopes depend on her:  
 Upon the Eastern *Turret* of the Town  
 From whose high Battlements I saw drop down  
 Numbers of men, the Queen did dauntless stand,  
 Terrour coucht in her eye, death in her hand:  
 The Heartless Crowd, wondring, look up to spy  
 This new *Belona* usher'd from the Sky,  
 And on their unarm'd fates took the harms,  
 Which from the valiant Queen fell down in Storms,  
 By her Example your faint pow'rs turn'd head,  
 And feeling now that courage which she bred,  
 Sent such a fierce greeting to the Enemy,  
 As forc't 'em to treat, almost to fly:  
 But to their Rescue then, the *Syrian* Prince,  
 Their Nations Glory and unmatch'd defence,  
 The brave *Moaron*, best of Generals,  
 Came like *Achilles* to the *Turret* Walls;  
 Him, when the Queen had found, and envying now  
 The budding wreaths on his Triumphant brow,  
 With noble force dismiss'd a dreadful dart  
 Well aim'd and level'd at the Princes heart,  
 But his propitious fate the shaft Revers't,  
 Whose point his sony Courser's vitals pierc't,  
 The beast expiring with a groan shrunk down,  
 And with the Prince fell side long to the ground,  
 Who straight arising, fir'd with raging Spleen,  
 Thought to revenge, but when he saw the Queen  
 Like *Pallace* stand, and knew that it was She  
 His rage soon quell'd, he bowed his head and knee  
 As if he thank't her for the Courtesie.

*Melech.* His Soul was always noble, but proceed.

*Zichm.* After this Act, with more then usual speed,  
 The fight began a fresh, and lifes dread foe

Plac't a defiance flag on e'ry brow;  
 The General was hurt in this last charge,  
 But was by the fierce Queen reveng'd at large  
 By joyntless men which on the reeking ground,  
 In heaps paid their last tribute to his wound,  
 What happened afterwards my absence lost.

*Melech.* Let other Monarchs of their Subjects boast,  
 I have a Theam will fill the mouth of fame  
 His Trump resounding with a womans name:  
 A Woman whose brave Spirit do's presage  
 A happy fortune to Our latter Age,  
 The Noble Carian Queen whose fame flies far  
 For aiding *Xerxes* in the *Persian* war,  
 She, whose renown through our East confine Spreads  
 For Godlike vertues, and heroick deeds,  
 Would quit her fading claim did She live now,  
 And place her Lawrel on *Zelmura's* brow.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy cheerful looks some good event portend,  
 Say, the foes fled. and stile thy self our friend.

*Messen.* The Queen is sallied at the Poltern gate  
 Meaning to prosecute victorious fate  
 She on the foe a fresh assault has try'd;  
 And charg'd their vauntguard on the weakest side,  
 Who shrink a pace, and now their most defence  
 Lyes in the Squadron of the valiant Prince;  
 Like Glitt'ring *Mars*, he their main Battle heads,  
 His Faulchion reeking with the blood he sheds,  
 His noble Soul raging to see them fly,  
 But all in vain they'l rather run than dye;  
 So that by our brave Queen and General  
 The heartless Foe is beaten from the Wall,

*Melech.* The Gods are kind and Just and now I see  
 The love they bear undaunted Majesty,  
 There can no ill within their Mansions dwell,  
 But onely this to make our passions swell  
 Give us brave Souls then teach 'em to rebel

[*Shout within*

*Zichm.* What means this shout that Ecchoes through the Sky

[*Exit Zichm.*

*Enter*



*Enter another Messenger.*

*Messen.* The day is ours, great Sir, the *Syrians* fly,  
The Queen, our Goddess, that our hopes begun  
Have broke their closest ranks and made 'em run,  
The *Syrian* Prince like *Trojan Hector* stood  
His Courage spotted with warm drops of blood,  
He in our troops once made a doubtful fray  
And maugre our resistance forc't his way  
Toward *Nilus* head

But now of thirty thousand only he  
And one brave friend oppose our victory.

*Melech.* A glorious Conquest and as fortunate  
As the brave Macedonian Monarchs fate,  
Whose matchless fame by th' Ignorants ador'd  
Made the whole World pay homage to his Sword.  
By fortune he, but I by pow'r atcheive  
A fate that shall new Laws to nature give,  
And make my fame in future Ages live.

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II.

*Alarm.*

*Syrians run over the Stage, after them Moaron  
with his Sword drawn.*

*Moar.* **F**Ly slaves to Hell, and may that Devill fear,  
That triumphs ore your Souls, torment ye there,  
Ye frozen Earthworms, ye infected brood  
Of some Claustestine Cowards that for food  
Would curse their Parents, and like Sons of Earth  
Betray the Nation that first gave 'em Birth,  
My infirm vertue would in vain appear  
'T would not be now thought patience but dull fear,  
Since fortune to my Arms success deny'd.

*Enter Psammis*

*Psalm.* We are inclos'd great Prince on e'ry side  
The envious tyrant fate hath lodg'd us so  
Within the bosome of the insulting foe,  
That to escape

If we had thousands, as we are but two;  
 We well might say, we had too much to do.  
 With some few Horse I long their pow'r withstood,  
 And fought with courage witness my dear blood,  
 But when their fresh supplies surrounded me,  
 Grone hoarse with shouts, and ecchoing Victory,  
 Feeling my strength decay, I then withdrew,  
 Ambitious of the Fate to die with you.

*Moar.* Thou hast this day a matchless Valour shown,  
 And for thy noble deeds deserv'd renown  
 From Gods as well as men, but I am now  
 By Fortunes bateless malice fall'n so low,  
 That I want means my Gratitude to shew,  
 And though this day thou didst me oft relieve,  
 This is the sole reward I have to give.

[embraces him.]

*Psam.* Malitious Pow'rs unfit to be ador'd.

*Moar.* Nay to disgrace me by a Womans sword,  
 A Womans act, — oh — 'dsdeath, that plagues me more,  
 Than all the griefs I ever felt before,  
 But e're I yield Heav'ns spangled roof shall fall,  
 And in Cimerian shades abscond us all.

*Psam.* In slighting Death your Princely mind appears,  
 Death nothing is, mens torments are their fears :  
 Death sits in Mists upon our fading eyes,  
 Follows our flight, but if we turn he flies.  
 That shout was near us, they with speed pursue.

[shout.]

*Moar.* Let 'em redouble speed and courage too,  
 Here like *Alcides* on the Phrygian sand,  
 Rage in his eyes and thunder in his hand,  
 I will attend what Fate so ill design'd,  
 And death with Fame and matchless Honour find.  
 My Courage shall surpass dull Natures bounds,  
 I'll fright the insulting Cowards with my wounds,  
 And when at last my life's a Prey to Fate,  
 Upon their mangled heaps I'll die in State.

{ *Flourish with Trumpets, then enter Zelmura;  
 Phillopater, Zichmi, Achmades, Halem, and  
 Soldiers.*

*Zelm.* Yield, Prince; and that we favour may a ford  
 Pay homage due, and tender up your sword,

*Moar.*



*Moar.* Yield ~~—~~

*Phillo.* ——— do's the word sound ill?

*Moar.* ——— what must I yield?

*Achm.* Yourself: a Captive conquer'd in the field;

*Moar.* You have no conquest won till I am dead,  
Unless you dare to lie, and say I fled,  
'Tis but ill Fate, when heartless Vassals run,  
And till I'm slain, think you have nothing won.

*Phillo.* We have won all, Fate now rewards our toyls,  
Our wearied Mules are laden with your spoils;  
Whilst the pale Souldier, flying from afar,  
Looks back to see the dismal Scene of War:  
Your too proud Courage does your judgement wrong,  
Grief and distraction sits upon your tongue.

*Zelm.* Fortune, to you, no succour dares afford,  
What can your hopes depend on then

*Moar.* ——— My Sword.

*Achm.* Your Sword——

*Moar.* ——— Yes, this brave badge of Chivalry,  
Fate and the Gods are trivial things to me.

*Zelm.* Since then the Deities you so despise,  
Bow down and yield to me the Victors prize.

*Moar.* Wert thou a God, as sure thou art not so,  
I should rejoice I had so great a foe;  
For they and I have strifes in all affairs,  
They keep their blessings back, and I my prayers,  
But since thou art no Deity relate,  
What great extraction does thy pride creat.

*Zel.* I am *Zelmira*, Queen of these, and thee,  
Bright wreaths of Conquest grace my dignity:  
The Gods Vicegerent to dispose their Will,  
I have their power to save alive or kill:  
My smile's a charm, fierce death attends my frown,  
Fortune enslav'd stands fetter'd to my Crown:  
The Frozen Islands of the North have seen,  
And felt the power of *Egypt's* potent Queen,  
Whose furr'd Inhabitants with fear and shame,  
Heard the resounding Ecchoes of my fame:  
By me the Trees and Plants do spring and grow,  
My breath can check our *Nilus*, ebb or flow,

Put present period to thy destiny;  
Do all things like a God, this, Sir, am I.

*Mear.* These daring boasts betray what weakness blinds  
The sense, and sways insulting womens minds.

*Zelm.* He bears a noble Soul — [ *Aside.*

————— this insolence  
Suits not your Fate, nor can I brook it Prince.

*Moar.* Fate, Queen: Why, what has Fate to do with me?  
I am controulour of my Destiny,  
Let such as fear to die call chance unkind,  
My Fate is as immortal as my mind.

*Zel.* In vain Disputes, too long the time we waste,  
Yield or this present moment is your last,  
Think my advice, Sir, was a favour meant,  
Submission yet, may hinder the Event,

*Psamm.* Submission's onely for base Cowards fit,  
Dull fordid Souls, fram'd onely to submit,  
Rather than so honour my counsel draws,  
That by the sword, we still protect our cause,  
Who knows, but Heaven our forces may unite,  
And give us back the Conquest through mear spite.

*Zelm.* I'll hear no more, this prolong'd breath grow bold,  
And I have been too tame — [ *offers to fight*

*Phillo.* Hold, Madam, hold — [ *interposes.*

It is my task, should you oppose, in this  
All Nations would condemn our cowardise,  
And say, that I did in presence the stand,  
When *Syria's* Prince fell by a Womans hand.

*Zel.* A Womans hand, is that, Sir, such a shame,  
That I must be upbraided with the name,  
Let my brave Actions, that mean stile controul,  
For though a Woman I've a manly Soul,  
Nor will I Honour for a word resign,  
I say it is my right

*Phillo.* ————— 'tis mine.

*Halem* ————— or mine

*Zelm.* 'Tis neithers: Your base arrogance recal,  
Claim it again, by Heaven, I dare ye all,  
Frown not, nor mutter, I bear too much sway,  
Know 'tis a Subjects duty to obey —

Resign on your allegiance or expect  
A certain death to follow such neglect.

*Philo.* By duty forc't I to your will agree, [bowing  
But what my honour stains I must not see. [Exit.

*Halem.* Live then a wretch that durst his fame resign,  
I am resolv'd by this to cherish mine [offers to fight.

*Zelm.* So valourous, young Sir, mild mercy hence,  
Take there reward for disobedience [Stabs him.

So, now I'm sure thou'lt not usurpe my right  
Come Sir defend your self [to Moaron.

*Moar.* ————— I will not fight.

*Zichm.* My Brother slain the Gods have shewn their spite, [aside.  
————— but I'll revenge

*Zelm.* Can words such fear impart,  
Heavens! can a Prince retain a Peasants heart.  
Whence Springs thy fear, what envious destiny  
Dares thus controul thy Courage.

*Moar.* ————— thoughts of thee,  
Wer't thou a man, hadst thou *Achilles* charm  
Of being Sword proof, Strong, and free from harm,  
Yet should my pointed vengeance conquest win,  
Maugre the pow'r of thy enchanted Skin;  
But as thou art a woman, I am Crost,  
And all the hopes of my revenge is lost:  
For to that Sex my honour makes me bend,  
Not fight against but with my blood defend

*Zelm.* Something so noble in his soul I find,  
Has quite suppress'd the tempest in my mind,  
But my kind thoughts within my breast I'll croud, [aside  
Least my too good opinion makes him proud,  
Bear hence the body of the Justly slain, (Halem.  
And such reward may all such traitors gain. [Exeunt guards with

*Zichm.* Traitor so tyrants call their best of friends  
Down thoughts and looks elude what my Soul intends. [Exit.

Enter at another door Melechadel, Amasis,  
Ptollomy and guards.

*Melech.* Mirrour of women Star of bright renown,  
Protectress of my life and *Egypt's* Crown;  
What shall I render loudly to proclaim  
New terms of Honour equal to thy fame.

Thou life of all my power, 'tis to thee  
 I owe my thanks for this dayes victory:  
 The Gods were drowlie and their Actions slow,  
 'Twas thy brave Sword made Fate her duty know;  
 For which least I ingratitude should want,  
 Ask any thing, and take my speedy Grant:  
 In two requests thy busied thoughts extend;  
 And to perform my total power I bend.

*Zelm.* Your noble vote, Great Sir, I must extol,  
 It shews a glorious President to all,  
 Directs rightly how to act and when,  
 And difference shews 'twixt Kings and moral Men.  
 A little respite for my sute I crave.

*Melech.* Thou canst not ask the thing, thou canst not have.  
 In his defeat ——— [pointing to Moaron.  
 The same o'th' Deities thou hast made small,  
 And shewn a God-like power above 'em all.

*Zelm.* My deeds deserve not half this vast applause,  
 You owe your Royal thanks to your brave cause.

*Melech.* The Cause being tri'd, and conquest our reward,  
 What means your Slave to stand thus on his guard?

*Moar.* Her Slave! by Heaven 'tis false! thou art her Slave,  
 Her soaring fortune did thy Empire save.  
 By all the Gods, proud King: I am as free  
 As Heav'n made Man at first, or Fortune thee.  
 Slavery some abject punishment should own,  
 But thanks to this I am oblig'd to none.  
 My sword has more of freedom than thy Throne.

*Melech.* Thy Sword is useless now, Fool, thou shalt die,  
 Nor can the Gods dispose thy chance, but I.  
 I sit supream and smile upon thy fate,  
 Whilst thy scorn'd Life proves Vassal to my State:  
 Thou shalt imprison'd till my triumph be  
 And then releas'd from emhrawl'd misery,  
 Thy death shall be my Scene of jollity.

*Moar.* You take large licence to pronounce my death,  
 But think not what attends that fatal breath,  
 Fearless you may insult o're weaker foes,  
 But know my life is not at your dispose,  
 And 'tis most safe though not for your renown,

Instead

'Instead of seeking mine to guard your own.

*Melech.* This insolence my honour cannot bear,  
Guards go and bind 'em both—

*Moar.* ————— Stir if you dare.

This ground is fatal, he that first comes on  
Sets but the race, which thou at last shalt run,  
Cover'd with wounds, I will thy pow'r oppose  
I'th' midst and thickest number of my Foes,  
Though fatal, yet some pleasure it will be  
To see thy mighty Godhead stoop to me.  
Let the blind Queen of Chance her Envy shew,  
And save thy life by some successless blow;  
Deny'd all help, and pass'd defence, withstood,  
Pl' rip my breast, and drown thee with my blood.

*Melech.* 'Dsdeath, go, take, kill him. [to the Guards.

*Zelm.* Hold, he shall not die, — [stopping the guards

I onely must dispose his destiny;  
But that obedience to your will be shewn, [to the King  
Of my too great requests, this shall be one.  
Souldiers retreat, I have the Kings whole power,  
And leave me to appoint his fatal hour.

*Melech.* Ask Something else, this Suit I cannot grant.

*Zelm.* Your bound by Oath, take heed how you recant.

*Melech.* My Oath, what's that? go, go, once more take sieze.

*Zelm.* He meets his death, who his command {turning to Mo-  
obeys: 2 arons side.

Perjur'd, and poor, send now your forces on,  
By heaven, we'l cut the props from your weak Throne,  
In his defence to my last drop of blood,  
I'll meet thy pow'r, though through a crimson flood  
I wade to the atcheivement, to make known,  
A faithles King's a traitor to his crown.  
Unless immediately you pronounce peace,  
And cause your factious multitude, to cease.

*Melech.* Retire a while — [to Guards and Souldiers.

————— Madam you have your will  
But what curst Feind seduc't you to this ill  
Surpasses knowledge, but the Prince shall live:  
Him you dare thus protect, I dare forgive.

*Moar.* Forgive, your words are still so arrogant,

Fit answers for such Epithites I want,  
 Forgive your slaves some impious offence,  
 Such as can crouch with humble penitence;  
 And know whilst valour in my breast does live,  
 She cannot me protect, nor you forgive.

*Melech.* Yet though your courage with your pow'r concur,  
 You now are glad to take your life from her.

*Moar.* 'Tis false, my life is at my own dispose,  
 Sprung from the stalk on which my courage grows,  
 Nor would I for a slow destruction stay,  
 But boldly run and meet death half the way,  
 Honours broad path my soul so well has known,  
 That now to live or dye to me's all one.

*Melech.* The rugged path of death, few men would choose  
 Had they the licens't power to refuse,  
 Which death your ransom, Sir, shall now excuse,  
 Live fearless in our Court and free from ill,  
 I'm now your friend, though much against my will. [*aside.*]

*Zelm.* This grant has back my good opinion gain'd,  
 He forfeits worth whom perjury does stain,  
 Honour the Souls of Monarchs best does grace,  
 Contempt and rigour onely suite the base.  
 To morrow you shall know my last request,  
 'Till when it must be treasur'd in my breast,  
 You'll keep your vow.

*Melech.* My oath has made it good,  
 And if I fail infection seize my blood.

*Zelm.* Disperse, brave Prince, the cloud upon your brow,  
 To fate, not onely you, but all must bow;  
 Heaven does mishaps for greatest souls create,  
 The bravest men are most unfortunate.

*Moar.* Heaven then's a cheat so are the Gods and fate,  
 If there no difference be in punishment,  
 A Traitor is as happy as a Saint,  
 And may as soon a glorious blessing share,  
 As he that spends his life in sighs and prayer.

*Melech.* Your rashness voted 'gainst heavens excellence,  
 Betray more haughty passion, Sir, than sense,  
 Motives of sorrows raig'n or love impure,  
 But in our Court, your grief may find a cure,

*Anaf.*



(13)

*Amas.* Spiritual affairs be the Zealots care,  
perfu'd by such as dote on their despair :  
Your worth may, Sir, a fitter work improve,  
Imploy'd in Acts of honour, wit, or Love.

*Moar* That love must then be yours what charms *{ touching*  
are here *{ her hand.*

My beating heart much alter'd do's appear,  
And I the marks of unknown passion bear;  
But I must hide it, Since proud fate to day  
In my defeat its malice did display.  
My life I'll cherish with design to prove  
My soul the ills of Fortune is above.  
The Plagues the Gods inflict with scorn I'll bear,  
And I will live cause fate shall see I dare.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT. II. SCENE I.

*An Alcove : Discovers Moaron and Amasis.*

*Enter Psamnis.*

*Psam.* **M**Y happy wishes good success have met,  
Yonder the Amourous Lovers smiling sit,  
How greedily their darting eye balls rove,  
Each look displays the extasie of Love.  
I knew She lov'd him, though a modest Pride,  
Which still with untaught Virgins do's reside,  
Made her conceal it, but of this no more  
I must to *Syria* to renew our power,  
The Prince did so command and I will be  
Though not renown'd, lov'd for fidelity.

[*Exit.*

SONG *within.*

**B**Egon dull fear, and servile duty fly,  
Where mischiefs hourly rove,  
Whi't here we own no other Deity,  
Nor Monarch know but Souls ensnaring Love.

*Love, whose refreshing Joys such rapture brings,  
Such life such charming power,  
'Twould warm the sinews of enervate Kings,  
And make 'em young once more.*

I I.

*Let sordid Mortals toil for Earths increase,  
And Glory in their gains.  
We with new charms will one another please  
And laugh to see the harvest of their pains.  
In quiet let 'em share their happiness  
With hope and fortune great,  
Whilst we each day, each hour that Heaven possess,  
Which they expect at last.*

I I I.

*Then feed my flame bright Deity of Love  
With Lulling extases,  
That whilst I in this Orb of Beauty rove  
I in concept may soar above the Skyes.  
Reasons a term by drowzy Zealots fain'd  
Which rapting bliss destroys,  
Nature do's always fiercest pleasures lend  
When freely sense enjoys.*

*Moar.* Not all the Odours of those happy fields,  
Where *Cassia* grows, and the fain'd *Phoenix* builds  
*Arabias* treasures, or the choice perfume  
Of *India's* fragrant entrails dare presume  
'Ere to compare with thee thou softest fair,  
Thy presence would extenuate despair  
In all the Damn'd below, and make 'em live  
In hope Hells worst of Torments to survive.

*Amas.* If I not knowing my own power, possess  
So large a portion of controwling bliss,  
The greatest mandate you shall ere fulfil  
Shall an entreaty be to love me still.  
But should my passion prove an injury,  
I should not blame your will but I should dye,  
And e're my death I'de one kind thought implore,  
Then rest assur'd I could deserve no more.

*Moar.* Never, Oh, never, shalt thou see that day



No sooner shall the Early Sun display  
 His beams about the World, but I will fly  
 To visit thee the Idol of my eye :  
 Where by thy side I'll sit for ever free,  
 And waste my life in endless extasie.  
 Thy looks my bodies hunger shall reprove,  
 For if *Cameliens* blest by Nature live  
 Onely by Air, Air then shall be my food,  
 A diet fit for our o'reflowing blood,  
 Refresh't with smiles my heart shall baffle death,  
 And surfeit on warm gusts of Rosie breath.

*Amas.* Oh no, for though great Love our hearts controuls,  
 'Tis a repast fit only for our Souls;  
 A natural food our bodies it must supply,  
 And we refusing that shall surely dye,  
 And then the Gods too mindful of our fates  
 Against our souls approach will shut heavens gates.

*Moar.* The Gods perhaps their wrath will shew on me,  
 But when they shall thy brighter spirit see,  
 They'r ill weigh'd rage they will conceive a sin,  
 And from their Thrones halt to conduct thee in,  
 Then leading thee through the Cœlestial Signs,  
 Whilst at thy sight each envious Goddess pines,  
 They'l seat thee there in State, whilst I shall be  
 Seeing thee cherish't by each Deity  
 In Heaven, oppress't with Earthly Jealousie.

*Amas.* In vain your fears do such disasters bode,  
 Were I a Goddess you should be a God ;  
 I would create new Laws in heaven for thee,  
 And never blush at the Impiety :  
 So great my love, so strong my constancy.

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*Moar.* Blest in each others arms we would despise  
 The troops of the Inferiour Deities:  
 But let us now with soaring thoughts dispence,  
 And prove on earth loves precious influence.  
 Bear witness heaven, that now our Actions view,  
 How Little life I prize, compar'd with you.  
 You whose perfection can such blessings give,  
 That to your sake I onely wish to live.

*Amas.* And I your vertues, though I blush to tell,

Confess my Soul I love not halfe so well.

*Moar.* When to our blisse a pleasant Race we run,  
How swift the minuits are how quickly gone,  
The time seems envious of our happinesse,  
And strives to put a period to our blis  
By an unlookt for hast, but let 'em fly,  
Each project of curst Fortune I defie.  
And glorying in your heavenly presence prove  
Noblesting e're can match the charms of Love.

[ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Zelmura sola.*

*Zelm.* **I**T shall be done, it must, nor can there be  
A pow'r but heaven to alter my decree,  
And that I may have int'rest in heavens Love,  
For a short time I will religious prove ;  
Kneel to the Gods, adore their pow'r and state,  
Be just and pious, meerly to be great  
I'm *Egypt's* Queen my pow'r like a huge stream  
O'reflows small shrubs, yet I am not supream,  
My will is limited, my orders stand,  
But as the Copies of the King command,  
Who in security now tramples on  
Those wreaths, which I in war with danger won.  
Coheirs in Empire shines but dimly bright,  
Whilst eithers lustre darkens r'others light,  
But, I like *Titan*, fixt alone would shine,  
And dare all other Beams to equal mine :  
Nature begone, thou faint soft hearted thing,  
What though he be my husband and my King,  
Ambition is my Soul, and die he must,  
And 'tis sufficient, that I think it just :  
Had Providence ordain'd I should have been  
A theam of Pity, a kind vertuous Queen,  
I had submitted to that harmless name,  
And followed Piety. But as I am  
The Child of War, all Courage, and all Fire,

My

My deeds above the sense of good aspire,  
 Die then dull King, for since no way is known,  
 But by thy death for me to mount thy throne,  
 I am Resolv'd all thoughts of good to quell,  
 And reign first here, though I reign next in hell.  
 The cause of your unmanner'd haste declare.

*Enter Ptolomy hastily.*

*Ptol.* My news exacts your courage and your care,  
 The King has had some close intelligence,  
 How *Psammis* sent to *Syria* by the Prince,  
 To raise new Powers, and get his Ransome paid,  
 Intends again our Nation to invade,  
 Knowledge of which hath so provok't his wrath,  
 He swore a no less Rash then mighty Oath,  
 Before the mornings dawn t' exalt a flood,  
 And drown all Danger in the Princes blood.

*Zelm.* That breath has damn'd him, hell has not endued  
 The Fiends with half so much ingratitude;  
 He shall not, no his doom I will recal;  
 By all the Gods if they permit his fall,  
 I will destroy the World, kill and disrobe  
 Nature of her perfections, shake the Globe  
 To its first *Chaos*, and by actions prove,  
 Nothing can match a Womans hate or love.

*Enter Amasis*

*Amas.* Ah! Sister can you thus your steps retard,  
 The noble Prince drag'd rudely by the guard  
 Stands in the Presence bound;

*Zelm.* ————— Bound, hell and death  
 Here me you pow'rs above, and shades beneath,  
 You that on Thrones of Day abhor the Night,  
 And you whom horrors of cold death delight:  
 Hear and assist my haughty enterprize,  
 For since controwling fate wears a disguise,  
 Since Nature takes a Pride Mortality  
 To mould in Plots and Jugling villany,  
 I am resolv'd my influence to shew,  
 And fright the World with Natures overthrow;  
 Like some great conflagration I'll appear,  
 And first with smoky flateries charm his ear

D

Till

Till I my hearts desire have obtain'd,  
 His his whole power by his promise gain'd,  
 That done from cloudy thicknes I'll aspire  
 And Scorch opposers like consuming fire.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE. III.

Melechadel, Zichmi, Achmades, Moaron  
*held by Guards.*

*Melech.* **A**M I to be out brav'd, Gods has my fate.  
 Made me as oft victorious as great,  
 Seated my Throne upon the conquer'd heads  
 Of those that seek the path his ambition treads,  
 And shall I now stand tame when threatned by  
 A weak low Object of my Clemency,  
 Wars vassal, no my rage shall tempests grow  
 And the fierce pow'r of inrag'd Monarchs show.  
 Lead to the Scaffold, by my Crown I'll try,  
 If thus inspir'd you can submit to dye.  
 If in the Book of fate my doom appear  
 To be the next, I'll meet death void of fear  
 And smile to think thou art my harbinger.

*Moar.* Tyrant! not all thy tortures nor the Hell  
 Fixt in thy Conscience shall my Courage quell:  
 My Spirit shall contemne thy basest deed,  
 And spite of torments dare thee to proceed;  
 The Bright all-seeing Sun when I shall dye  
 From Reeking Mists will draw my soul up high,  
 Where on a Star I shall with Glory shine  
 And in infernal Caverns see thee Pine.

*Melech.* Dream on, dream on, of visionary joyes,  
 Your fancy quickens with these pleasing toyes,  
 Lead him away, alas, he weary growes,  
 These dull delays, but hinder his repose  
 His power would conquer Crowns beyond the Sun  
 Did he not want a head to set 'em on,

*Zichm.*

*Zichm.* Pardon, dread Sir, I lſ presume ſo far,  
To tell your Maſteſty the chance of war  
Is incident to all men, Kings have been  
The ſubjects of diſaſters not foreſeen;  
Blur not the trophies then of victory,  
With the black ſtain of ſo much infamy;  
Kings are like Gods when vertue they obey,  
But that once loſt, they are but common Clay.

*Melech.* Your Moral Phraſe I cannot underſtand:  
Vertue, do's it not ly in my command,  
What I decree is juſt, although expreſt  
A Miracle to an inferiour breſt;  
Vent your dull ſentences, where publick wrongs  
Lye brooding to be judg'd by publick tongues;  
My will the power of factious ſouls ſhall awe  
A Monarchs mandate is his Subject Law.

*Zichm.* The beguil'd Citizens will factious grow,  
When they your doom and breach of Promiſe know.

*Melech.* Traitor theſe fears proclaim thy fell intent,  
You wiſh thoſe ills, you ſo well repreſent.  
You mean, no doubt, to their weak aid to run,  
And wiſh your Courage lead the factious on,  
But e're that happen

*Zich.* If my erring breath  
Has given you cauſe, dread Sir to doubt my faith;  
My life proſtrate thus low I offer here,  
'Tis only what I for your ſafety wear.

[*kneels.*

*Melech.* For your firſt Crime my Clemency may plead,  
But ſuch another word forfeits your head.  
Take him away I will here no replies,  
He longs to ſit on arches of the ſkyes.

[*to guards.*

*Moor.* Thou never ſhalt thy barbarous Conqueſt baſt,  
For day and night I'll haunt thee with my Gholt,  
When reeking blood my ſpirit ſteems to air,  
Into thy fatal Pallace I'll repair:  
Through all thy Guards I'll to thy preſence Croud,  
And Sit before thee in my bloody throwd,  
I will invent new ſhapes to vex thee more,  
And in thy nightly viſions make thee roar,  
Till thou do'ſt feel by angry *Pluto's* doom

A Hell on earth as well as Hell to come,

*Melech.* 'Dsdeath drag him hence, guards let your faith be  
seen

Answer not, but obey.

[*Shout within.*— Room for the Queen,

*Melech.* Hah ! What curst Demon brought her to this place,  
Her opposition will my power disgrace,  
My lustre is excell'd when she is by,  
Like a dim star, when *Cynthia* rules the skie,  
Curst Fortune do's my meaner actions sway,  
But like a Monarch I will rule to day,  
Tears nor intreaties shall his life reprieve,  
I have decreed it, and he shall not live,  
Away with him —

*As the Guards are carrying out Moaron, Enter Zelmira,  
Ptollomy, Amasis, Philopater and Guards.*

*Zelm.* Stay and bring back the Prince, What do I see,  
Is this your love to honour Sir, and me,  
Performance of the promise once decreed,  
Your Kingly Oath forgotten, and my deeds;  
Dare you act contrary to humane Laws,  
A Prince's murder without right or cause,  
And not expect heavens dreadful vengeance due  
To all that dare such horrid crimes pursue.  
If as a foe to good you guilt prefer,  
Insulting o're your chance, remember Sir,  
Monarchs sometimes are forc't to bend to fate,  
Success not power makes men fortunate.

*Melech.* In whose stale works did you these morals find,  
Oh damn'd Hypocrisy in woman kind,  
How like a low Ebb'd rivolet you fote,  
As if you scorn'd th' applause my power has got  
When in your own design your Gulphy pride  
Outvies the force of the Seas swelling tide,  
You seem to quake at actions done by me  
But dare the Fiends of Hell when you decree,  
As if the severe sentences of Death  
Had onely their dependance on your breath,  
But from this hour I do your aid disown



One Monarch is sufficient for one Throne.

*Phillo.* I like that well, pray heaven that vote may stand.

*Achma.* The Queen's about to answer——

*Zelm.*——— The command

I bear i'th' state I can with ease resign,

My fear is only that the Powers Divine,

When they this horrid crime have understood.

Will show'r their vengeance, but the Gods are good.

*Melecb.* Yes now they are, but should they ere deny

Your suit, they then were statues of the Sky,

Let them encrease in might, and sway above,

Rule onely here do's my ambition move,

To purchase which content, and excell you

I dare be proud and irreligious too.

*Zelm.* Howe're my actions did my realm affright,

All know, dread Sir, I shone but with your light,

The power is yours, and you may quickly have

That lustre render'd back which first you gave,

My taper is extinct when you are gone,

Like the black Zodiack when it wants the Sun.

*Phillo.* 'Tis past belief she cannot be thus tame

This sordid meekness do's base fear proclaim.

[*aside.*

*Zelm.* I aim'd not Sir, your honour to defend

For my own cause, my own peculiar end,

My hopes and fears were always for your good,

In whose brave cause I freely shed my blood,

And since my words have set your thoughts at strife,

In being a mediatour for his life;

Let this submission penitence supply

[*kneels.*

Since 'tis your will, 'tis reason he should die.

*Phillo.* Ungrateful Mother, Oh that I durst speak.

*Phillo.* Cease good my Lord passion is now too weak.

*Achma.* The King begins to melt, her policy

Already hath atcheiv'd a victory.

*Melecb.* Rise my Souls better half the Gods design'd,

Thy excellency too good for humane kind.

Forget my censure, let thy gentle breast

Forbear to entertain so rude a guest,

What shall I do to gratifie thy Love.

*Zelm.* Your Clemency all merit is above:

But

But since your Royal bounty deins to place  
 My actions in the Ballance of your grace,  
 Though far unworthy an estate so blest,  
 I will presume to unfold my last request  
 And the hid secret of my heart declare.

*Melech.* Do, and by all our mighty Gods I swear,  
 By *Apis* our most powerful Deity  
 Except his life, I nothing will deny. [Pointing to Moaron.

*Zelm.* Bear witness good my Lords what he has said,  
 'Tis a Kings Oath and ought to obey'd.

*Phil.* It is as firm as Fate

*Achm.* — — — nor lyes it now  
 In his own power to infringe his vow.

*Phil.* Heaven grant your will prove healthy for the State.

*Zelm.* You in your doubts too much your fear relate,  
 My nature from my Childhood has bin free,  
 Gentle and mild as Virgin modesty,  
 Nor durst I ere have climb'd ambitions Hill  
 Had I not thus bin licenc't by your will. [bowing to the King.  
 'Tis true, I long have wisht to reign alone  
 But till this hour I nere durst make it known;  
 Though with my Nature it did well agree,  
 So great an awe I bore your Majesty.

*Melech.* — — — — How's this.

*Phillo.* Some pow'rful God reject my fears.

*Zelm.* But since occasion shewes her silver hairs.  
 And bids me hold, since Heaven and Earth, or both  
 Avouch my will by your confirming Oath,  
 Like a kind Wife share in your griefes I'le own,  
 And on my own head fix your anxious Crown:  
 The Gods have destin'd you to live in peace,  
 To pass your term of life in rest and ease.  
 Oh happy state, that uncontrowl'd lives free  
 From the ditturbing cares of dignity,  
 Whilst I, I fear am doom'd to greifes unknown,  
 Few think what cares depend upon a Throne:  
 I durst not my intent so soon have told,  
 Had not your Kingly promise made me bold,  
 Nor should you my designs have understood,  
 But that I know 'tis for the Nations good:



Ordain'd above therefore I boldly stand  
 A suitor for the Kingdome, and demand  
 A Boon, which may perhaps your wonder raize,  
*The sole command o're Egypt for three dayes*

*Melech.* What heaps of wonders croud into my breast,  
 Have you considered, Madam, your request,  
 The care is great and weighty as the trust  
 The People bloody, headstrong, and unjust.

*Zelm.* Their love or hate in me unsathom'd lyes,  
 One I mislike, but t'other I dispise,  
 Nor doubts of Government will I dispute,  
 But onely urge you to perform my suit.

*Phil.* Long my prophetick heart has fear'd this ill.

*Melech.* Heaven thou hast done thy worst thy Lawless Will,  
 Proud of an unmatcht pow'r has made me wrong  
 A potent Nation with a lavish tongue:  
 Madam, your Souls intentions have out done  
 My duller prudence, but like *Phaeton*  
 Your fledg'd ambition will I fear too late  
 Reap the advice that might prevent his fate.  
 Be wise in time——

*Zelm.*——— let wisdom Zealots save.  
 My Heaven is to be fortunate and brave  
 I am resolv'd.——

*Melech.*——— Mount the Egyptian Throne:  
 My breath shall faster tye what cannot be undone,  
 To my past fatal promise I'll be just,  
 And will perform my Oath, because I must.  
 Affairs i'th' State determine and maintain  
 For three days space, I thus confirm your  
 reign. } Seats her in the  
} Throne.

In your free votes be your allegiance seen.

*Omnes.* Long live *Zelmura*, *Egypt's* mighty Queen.

*Melech.* I have but done, what others did before,  
 Ambitious deputies more Crowns have wore,  
 Then all the *Casars*, cloy'd with Conquests bore.  
 'Tis a disport for Kings sometimes to free  
 Their tyred necks from Regal Monarchy.  
 The rapt joyes of Heaven too cheap would grow  
 Should we continual pleasures reap below;  
 But trifling thus my cheif affairs I wrong,

And

And by delays his life preserve too long. [*pointing to Maoron.*  
 Away with him his death my breast will clear  
 And rid my anxious soul from doubts and and fear

*Moar.* Can heaven permit thy insolence to act  
 This obnoxious crime this base infernal fact:

Curst Tyrant, traitor, Traitor that's too good,  
 The plagues of *stix* lie reeking in thy blood:

It as a Monarch you decreed before

My death, your will was ballanc'd then by Power;

But since with Pow'r the Queen you have endow'd,

You are now but one of the insipid croud,

Whose slender fate to servile acts should bow,

I am a God, to what thy state is now.

*Melech.* Must I stand tame and hear this insolence.

Attack you first, seize and then force him

hence,

*Zelm.* He meets his Death that stirs,

————— Slaves know ye me,

Place your attendance here, and set him free

Give up his Sword; do it without reply

My pleasure frees him, and he shall not dye

By whose authority officious Lord

Did you thus sateely your aid afford

————— Ha, whose decree ———

*Zich.* ——— Reason an answer brings

To that demand, Madam, it was the Kings

*Zelm.* Kings Slave, what Kings? where do's that Traitor live?

That dares encroach on my prerogative,

What sovereign power in *Egypt* is there seen

But I, Sure you forget I am the Queen.

*Phillo.* ——— The Storm begins already.

*Achm.* ——— Though this feed.

The growing flame, I'm glad the Prince is freed

*Phillo.* ——— The King seems thunderstruck.

*Melech.* ——— Unbound and freed,

What rash dull fearless fool has done this deed,

Am I not Monarch, he that dares deny

Damns his presuming Soul, who dares speak?

*Zelm.* I.

*Melech.* Art thou a God?

} To Zichmi  
 } and guards.  
 [ interposing.

[ To Zichmi

} They unbind  
 } Maoron.

*Zelm.*

*Zelm.* ——— No, but my soaring Fate,  
Assumes a Godhead o're thy humble state.

*Melech.* Thou art a Woman, and thou canst not be  
Equal with men, much less a Deity.

*Zelm.* Mankind my Vassals are, and Kings alone  
The secure props on which I build my throne.  
Thou, as an humble shrub, art happy made  
By the cool umbrage of my Cedars shade,  
And 'tis a clemency above thy fate,  
That I thus long do suffer thee to prate.

*Melech.* Unheard of insolence, though now I grace  
Your fate, there's reverence due to what I was,  
And the vast power I am to bear again,  
Sure you forget the shortness of your reign.

*Zelm.* 'Tis short indeed, and sets my thoughts at strife,  
I would reign longer then, for term of life.

*Melech.* See how your high flown pride, your reason sways,  
All know your power extends but for three dayes.

*Zelm.* No more, in that then seemy Modesty,  
Yet Fate can stretch it to Eternity.  
Let not large hopes too much your Judgement wrong,  
For, Sir, perhaps you may not live so long.

*Phillo.* Mark that.

*Melech.* ——— How not so long!

*Zelm.* Perhaps, I say.

Heavens power is great, you may not live to day.

*Achm.* 'Twas clouded well, thus pollicy invents } *[Apart]*  
And under fair words cover foul intents

*Melech.* I can no longer brook this insolence,  
My honour must with my past Oath dispence;  
Her haughty pride all Monarchy would shame,  
But I betimes will quench this raging flame,  
Your loyalty above my Oath prefer,  
Be a Kings friend, and seize both him and her. *[To the Guards.]*

*Zelm.* Stir not, you know my power.

*Melech.* Hah! not obey'd,  
Can you be by a Womans threats dismay'd,  
A Traiteresse

*Zelm.* Let my breath your duties wing,  
Guards I command you straight to seize the King.

The King, How I his abject fortune grace,  
Go straight and seize the King, I mean, that was.

*Melech.* Inhumane Tigress.

[*Guards seize Melech.*

*Zelm.* By my fame I'll try

Who bears the greatest power, you or I,  
All thoughts of what thou wert, I blow to Air,  
Thy humble Fate is now below my care,  
For since all things subject to chance we know  
In humane life, then why not Monarchs too,  
His insolence declares himself to be  
A Traitor to the State, the Gods, and me.

*Ptollo.* Yet gracious Queen.

*Zelm.* Who speaks in his defence,  
Incurs my lasting hate, Guards bear him hence.

*Ptollo.* I cannot hold, Madam, if you proceed,  
The Powers above will curse you for this deed,  
The World

*Zelm.* Stop, stop his mouth, must I grow wise,  
By the dull coldnets of a boys advise,  
A way with both it is my fixt decree  
He for presumption, and for treason he,  
Make no replies,

*Melech.* I have no breath to spare,  
Unless to curse thee: May rank, Poy's'nous Air  
Infect thy blood, and blast thee every where,  
May all the Plagues of Hell—

*Zelm.* ———— — Seize thee, Whats worse,  
'D'sdeath go, must I allow him time to curse.

*Melech.* May all Diseases, Plagues, Pains, Tortures dwell  
With'n thy bosome

*Zelm.* ———— Drag him to his Cell. { *Exeunt Guards with*  
So looks a Cloud, whose sable Curtains { *Melech and Ptollo-*  
drawn { *my.*

Includes the glorious Monarch of the Dawn  
But when displaid to thin and purer Air,  
The radiant eye of Heaven looks bright and fair:  
Many there are that large dominions owe,  
Yet onely make a Pageant dazling shew.  
But I the rights of Empire will maintain  
And greatness shew to him, that next shall reign.

Unactive Spirits from ambition free,  
 Live but to shame the joyes of Monarchy.  
 I must see bended knees to State most due,  
 And such, my Lords, I shall expect from you.  
 Erring presumption has distraction bred,  
 But few prove Tyrants, if by all obey'd:  
 I will contemn my future dubious fate,  
 Creating pleasure in my present state,  
 In spite of Traitors that my fall presage,  
 I'll make my three dayes Reign extend an Age.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT. III. SCENE I.

Amasis and Saphrena.

*Amas.* O's my affection then, her anger move.

*Saph.* She has had notice, Madam, of your love.  
 And on your deeds through a false glass looks down,  
 But fearless seems to wink on all her own,  
 Charm'd with the state she is at present in,  
 She thinks herself too excellent to sin.

*Amas.* 'Tis well her Government so short appears:  
 How fares the King?

*Saph.* ——— I dare not tell my fears,  
 'Tis whisper'd he's to morrow to be try'd  
 For treason to her Person.

*Amas.* Headlong Pride  
 Debas'd, an Angel, and will prove her due,  
 My Nephew too imprison'd?

*Saph.* 'Tis too true.

*Amas.* How do the Nobles brook her Tyranny.

*Saph.* As men in tempests, when the winds blow high,  
 Fearing by each proud wave to be destroy'd,  
 With patience suffer what they can't avoid:  
 So they that willingly would peace inherit  
 With choice respect feed her ambitious Spirit,

As if she were the Daughter of some God,  
And not a Fabrick built of flesh and blood.

*Amas.* Has she the Prince yet licens't to depart?

*Saph.* I cannot tell the motions of her heart,  
But by her cloudy looks it might be guest  
Her will did not approve of his request.  
The blood in her pale cheeks strove to oppose,  
Whilst like the tide her colour comes and goes;  
Doubtful to speak she his return delaid,  
Pretending all his Ransome was not paid.

*Amas.* 'Tis strange such frailty should her breast inspire,  
His going yesterday was her desire.  
How look'd the Prince at his hopes overthrow?

*Saph.* Like raging *Neptune* with a stormy brow,  
Frowning he heard her words, his shaking head  
Foretold his wrath, whilst rosie colour'd red  
Flash'd in his cheeks with daring look reply'd,  
'Twas 'gainst the Law of Arms she him deny'd,  
Which she should find: This answer raising doubt,  
He shook his head, and sullenly went out.

*Amas.* I know she loves him, but her *Cupids* are  
Mixt with soft passion, and the frowns of War:  
She loves and scorns, though she in Secret own  
Affection, she disdains to have it known,  
But in my breast passions more dreadful move,  
And Death sits couch't on my despairing love.

*Saphr.* Let such suspicions meaner Souls convince,  
You are above all fear: But see the Prince,

*Enter Moaron.*

*Moar.* Madam, as some poor heartless Mariner,  
By factious States impress'd to wander far,  
Hastes to salute the Friends he holds most dear  
With a kind farewell, and a parting tear,  
So I my hasty steps thus rudely move,  
To bid adieu to her I only love.  
The ambitious Queen, her promise hath deny'd.  
And my departure stopt through faithless pride:  
'Tis true my life I to her kindness owe,  
But honour wrong'd no gratitude can shew,  
Therefore thus aided by the obscure night,



I mean to slight her will and take my flight.

*Amas.* Ungrateful Queen, and more ungrateful they,  
That want entreaties to prolong your stay;  
Your suit deny'd, her passion did express,  
She would have granted had she lov'd you less.

*Moar.* Her love is then as dreadful as her hate,  
And both to me as Messengers of Fate,  
Besides the word from her sounds monstrous too:  
Love has its beams and glorious dress from you.

*Amas.* Rather from you, my Lord, whose worth has shewn  
An excellence that Nature dare not own,  
An Action in — How oft have I beheld  
Your noble Person charging through the Field;  
When the ambitious Sun have strove to grace  
Your argent Arms with his refulgent face,  
As proud to be an Ornament — How oft,  
When flying Fame shouting applauses brought.  
To my glad ears, my heart with joy did flow  
To hear you conquer'd, though my Countries Foe.

*Moar.* Were you not lovely most excell'g fair,  
Sweeter than Balmy-Gusts of western Air;  
Had you not vertue to that large extent,  
Would make a Goddess leave the firmament;  
And pine with Envy, doubts my heart would move  
To think you flatter, where you cannot love:  
But as you are, your phrases do but shew  
How much you merit, and how much I owe,  
And I, unable yet to quit the score,  
Am like poor Bankrupts, forc't to borrow more.

*Amas.* How far your words do from Loves rules digress,  
He needs not borrow that does all possess,  
Though Misers bounty Obligation needs,  
A bare Receipt in Love all Law exceeds.

*Moar.* When Love relits happy, free; and unconfin'd,  
Led by the fervent passions of the mind  
To a safe Harbour: I confess the pow'r  
Is charming blest, and the possession more.  
But we, alas, a pair of restless hearts,  
Fixt marks, where Fortune shoots her envious darts,  
Fed with warm sighs must here unpitied live;

Deny'd!

Deny'd what Nature does to Peasants give.

*Amas.* My love Surmounts all, for when you are gone  
In silent groves, I'll waste my hours alone,  
There court sweet *Philomet* to feast my sense  
With the sad Theam of Tragick insolence.  
I'll seek some widdow'd Turtle and debate  
By that sad object my own hapless fate,  
But when a thought of you my heart do's bless,  
In flattering dreams of what I can't possess:  
Though from the fading vision flow dispaire,  
I'll sleep in bliss, although I wake in tears.

*Moar.* Bright Angels will from heaven their aid dispence,  
With Joy to guard such charming excellence  
But should the pow'rs above deny thee aid,  
And Fortune with disasters thee invade,  
To desert Mountains I'de each Morn repair,  
And catch the news from gusts of fluid air,  
Then as a Cloud's dread issue breaking through  
With pannick terrors charms Mankind below:  
So danger and yourself I'de soar between,  
And like fierce light'ning scorch to death unseen  
But see the early star with glimmering light  
Foretels the quick departure of the night,  
This kiss bright Empress of my heart, and then  
Farewel, till the blest hour we meet agen.

*Amas.* Till this sad minute I no grief could tell,

*Moar.* And till this fatal night I ne're knew Hell.

} Going to part severally are opposed at each door  
by the Queen and Guards. *Moaron* seeing the  
Queen, starts.

*Moar.* The Queen.

*Amas.* ——— Betraid, Oh Heavens!

*Zelm.* Yes Sir, 'Tis I,

The jealous Queen from whom you meant to flie,  
Do you not wonder at these Guards and me,  
You see the strong effects of jealousy,  
But want the leasure to mind others harms,  
In the safe harbour of my Sisters arms,  
And though her beauties snares your soul entwine,  
You may no doubt in secret vaunt of mine,

And



And vainly say, nay perhaps strive to prove  
 Saving your life was my chief act of Love,  
 But know, dull fool, my acts reputed ill  
 Sprung not from Love but to content my will,  
 My will, that now debars your liberty,  
 And when my will insites me, you shall dye;  
 Her punishment shall be some other time,  
 And such as suits the greatness of her crime.

Moar. A crime to Love, injurious Queen, you give  
 An end to Nature, 'twere a crime to live,  
 So gross an errour past I must reprove.  
 Souls are not Damn'd if they have grace to Love,  
 But blest with charms are fixt on Thrones above.

Zelm. Since then for her you so much passion own,  
 Pleas't you where to vent your Love alone:  
 Her fight as fatal, men in favours must  
 Be most deni'd, what most provokes their thirst,  
 Therefore your wonted temper to restore,  
 I am resolv'd you ne're shall see her more.

Moar. Nay then Ple die this moment for to breath,  
 An hour without her were a double death,  
 Send on your *Bravo's*, bloud hounds that have known  
 How to snare lives and frankly pay their own.  
 For by the Gods, I will not fall alone.  
 My Sword above their slender fate shall sway  
 Confounding heaps that so my spirit may  
 When freed, have Souls to buffet by the way.

Zelm. In your defence observe what I design'd [*to the guard*].  
 Attack you first, we'll seize on him behind.

*Fight, Moaron is inclos'd by the guards and disarm'd.*

Moar. You basely, poorly, have the conquest won,  
 So shoals of flies obscure the radiant Sun,  
 But yet, you cannot glory in my overthrow,  
 Nor boast your fate against a single foe:  
 Oh spiteful Gods, and Nature too unkind  
 To join frail strength to an immortal mind.  
 Adieu, fair Saint, if here we meet no more [*to Amasis*].  
 My spirit shall to some new Region soar.  
 There search some flowry grove where we alone.

May meet in blest *Eliziums* of our own.

*Zelm.* Away with him, hast, fly, or stay your Death, } *Exeant with*  
*Moaron.*

My heart's not proof against such charming breath,

His words raise blushes that too much proclaim

My blinded passion and my growing shame,

You, from my clemency perhaps may find

[*to Amasis.*

A fate too gentle and reproof too kind,

But let not your too easie faith believe,

Though now I do, I always can forgive.

Despise the Prince and your past vows forget.

Goodness should die in them that would be great.

I am this hour to perform a deed,

Hell Imps may wonder at, but not exceed,

The Murder of the King, 'tis that alone

That Cements *Romes* strong Walls, must build my Throne.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Saphrena.*

*Amas.* How came she hither, why were you so slow  
 That e're she came you could not let me know?

*Saph.* Could I have done it and have sav'd my life,  
 I had been happy to prevent such strife.

But the sad story will such truth declare,

Will shew I wanted pow'r, not will or care,

For in yone passage sitting in th' *Alcove*,

Reading the story of *Leanders* Love,

I heard a rushing and then listning more,

The Queen came guarded to the Chamber door,

Who seeing me in that amazement start,

Straight sets her dreadful weapon to my heart,

Swearing by *Apis*, if a word I spoke,

Not all the Gods my ruine should revoke,

Fear-charm'd my tongue, alas, what should I do,

Betray my life, or els' be false to you:

I could not speak, so great was my surprize,

Till she was plac'd in ambush by the spies,

Who since I've heard, forc'd by her Jealous fear,

Watching the Prince, observ'd him enter here.

*Amas.* Heaven has to Cruel been thus to prevent  
 A harmless Love, so true, so innocent,

Our

Our equal passions only publisht this,  
 He still ador'd my vertues, and I his,  
 But th' Envious Gods have mixt our bliss with cares,  
 'Cause our *Elizium* was more blest then theirs. [Exeunt.]

## S E N E I I.

*Zelmura in state seated on a Throne, Philopater, Zichmi, Achmades, and other Lords standing beneath, guards waiting.*

*Zelm.* **T**Hough to the Gods above our prayers we owe,  
 The Monarchs of the earth are Gods below,  
 Great Souls are *Ideas* of their heavenly might,  
 Sparks of their own ambition, rage, and spite,  
 And when we climb to Empires lofty ranks,  
 Engrossing Majesty we pay them thanks,  
 But on this Theam we have too long digrest,  
 You now have leave to offer your request.

*Philo.* Most mighty Empress, thou resplendant Star,  
 Of Eagle Ey'd perfection, Soul of War;  
 Thou glorious emblem of Divinity,  
 Bright as *Apollo's* beams,

*Zelm.* ————— This pleases me,  
 This has some sound, and well befits my State.

*Phil.* Remember those that groane beneath their Fate,  
 Curst in your wrath, let your Diviner breath,  
 Release 'em from the Mansion of pale death,  
 Gloomy dispair their tired sense beguiles,  
 Depriv'd of th' Radiant glories of your Smiles.

*Achm.* They have no doubt with sorrow purg'd th' offence,  
 And curst their sinning 'gainst such excellence,  
 The Gods whose power you scorn to imitate,  
 By this excel in mercy as in State.

*Zichm.* This were too great presumption were not we  
 Licens't by your confirming Clemency,  
 But Heavenly minds all Mortal thoughts exceeds,  
 The Sun's still glorious, though he shine on weeds  
 In your bright Aspect bliss and horror lyes,

And Heaven and Fate triumph in both your eyes.

*Zelm.* Still this I like, the more they flatter me,  
The more they publish my Authority,  
Precedent Monarchs State too midly sought,  
I am the first, men to subjection brought.  
They dread like thunder my controuling breath,  
And he that slights my frown, incurs his death,  
Neglected duty fatal ruine bodes,  
Whilst grand respect still equals us with Gods,  
Whose boundless pow'r do's with my fate comply,  
They can do what they will, and so can I.  
Do all your wills in this joynt suite remain.

*Omn.* 'Tis all, great Queen, we covet to obtain.

*Zelm.* Heavens with what fear, the Motion they relate,  
I am transported with my glorious state,  
Mild Majesty abbreviates its bliss,  
But what that wants of Power I possess,  
I have consider'd on your Joynt request,  
Your suits conjoyn to have the King releas'd.  
Perhaps you think the conquests you obtain,  
Are all disgrac't in a weak womans raign;  
And weary of my Yoke, think it well done,  
To wish a King to put more fetters on;  
Like *Æsops* frogs you grudge your gentle thrall,  
Yet sue for *Storks* that would consume you all,  
But know I rise not thus, so soon to fall,  
My power is yet unblemish'd, Lords, and know,  
Since I am Queen, I still will keep me so,  
Therefore I have decreed it constantly,  
That ere the Sun decline, the King shall dye.

*Omn.* — — Yet gracious Madam

*Zelm.* Hold, I've sworn his Death;  
Tis dang'rous to controul my fatal breath;  
His treason and the horror of the deed,  
Justice would say, he do's deserve to bleed  
But if her Zeal this act as good denies,  
My will shall weigh the deed, and Justice lyes.

*Zichmi.* in this be your allegiance shown,

Take this, and see the execution done,

Yet that to your great comfort you may see,

[gives a Ticket.]

You

You have a Queen oreflows with clemency  
 By vertue of this Ring, set my Son free. [*give a ring*  
 Halte and ere twilight see the Pris'ner dead,  
 Or for a brave neglect forfeit your head.

*Zelm.* Your will, great Queen, is not to be withstood,  
 For done by you the worst of Crimes is good.

*Achma,* Since fate and ignorance permits us still  
 By errors to disturbe your Godlike will,  
 Let us your grancious pardon share, since we  
 Incur'd the fault through too much Loyalty ;  
 Your wise regret perhaps some ill do's save  
 So Gods deny mankind the things they crave.

*Enter Ptollomy and kneels.*

[*shout.*

*Zelm.* Rise Sir, and let your future Acts declare  
 You my high fate as well as courage share,  
 Your past offences we will now forget,  
 But henceforth study things more brave and great.

*Ptollo.* Madam it lyes not in the power of fate  
 To make me Coward or degenerate,  
 To heaven for health and knowledge thanks is due,  
 But haughty Courage from your blood I drew.

*Zelm.* My will unquestion'd power shall expresse,  
 Hell shall not daunt nor heaven make it less :  
 What fools think pride my Judgement calls divine,  
 A Soaring essence, that like Jems does shine  
 In the Ambitiou's souls of such as love  
 Ablist from nature glean'd, not from above :  
 We should not differ from the common Crowd  
 Were not our greatness lycens't to be proud,  
 Though adoration to mortallity  
 Be counted vain by dull hypocrisie  
 I think it reason if adrest to me,  
 My state as worthy is of Sacrifice,  
 As *Joves* with all his troops of deities.

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*Phillo.* On what prodigious pride her Spirit soars,  
 That thus she dars blaspheme the heavenly powers.

[*aside.*

*Ptoll.* Since then your Clemency is pleas'd to place  
 Me once more in the Sun beams of your grace,  
 Let me not too too insolent appear  
 In tending a petition to your ear,

Whose grant my grateful heart with thanks will store,  
And what I now admire, I shall adore.

*Zelm.* Haste to declare your Suit I will not say,  
'T s your unknown, but yet I think it may.

*Ptoll.* In your attention I am far more blest,  
Than in that vote by which I was releas't,  
But can I in your favour basking lye,  
Lul'd with delight, and see my Father die:  
Unatural, unkind, and Cruel too.

Therefore thus low most mighty Queen I sue  
To your reviving breath for a reprieve,  
Though he be still confin'd yet let him live.  
Think what a horrid Crime it is to shed,  
His blood; who is the part'ner of your bed.  
Kind nature cannot but dispute his Cause,  
Plead his desert, Religion, and the Laws,  
Besides his fortune may his Crime defend,  
His Soul was great and knew not how to bend;  
Brave minds like Palmes do most themselves advance,  
When most deprest by the strong hand of Chance,  
And his uncurb'd Soul till that moment free,  
Soon felt the shame in losse of Majesty.  
The nations love will flow if your forbear,  
But if persist they'l onely love for fear,  
Cheer then their drooping hearts, and save the King.

[Queen Starts.

*Zelm.* Away thou daring fool, base, sordid thing,  
Gods can strong prison walls men vertue teach,  
The Boy's grown Zealous, and has learn't to preach,  
And with grave Morals that all sense disown  
Thinks from my lofty head to charm the Crown:  
Did I this frozen Snake from bondage bring,  
Warm'd by my grace, so soon to shew his sting,  
Have I oft nourisht him with my one blood,  
To leave the track of glory and grow good,  
Degenerate wretch what blisse could'st thou divine  
From his reign that thou mayst not reap in mine,  
What though he shar'd my bed without controul,  
His Rival, brave Ambition, shares my Soul,  
And when brave spirits glory to be great  
Religion's uselesse, and the Law a cheat.



The blessings others Covet I despise,  
 The Gods and nature equally I prize,  
 Had I with patience liv'd so long alone,  
 Till providence had help't me to this Throne,  
 In spite of all its pow'r I might, I see,  
 Have mourn'd the loss of royal dignity,  
 But by ambition rais'd, my pow'r I know,  
 And from my Throne dare laugh at all below.  
 Therefore recal that breath pronounc't before,  
 And here a Pardon, instantly implore,  
 Or never stir from the cold Pavement more.

*Ptol.* Prostrate beneath your foot I bend thus low,  
 It is a Posture I in duty owe, [kneels.]  
 But to repent and my past suit recal,  
 Were abject, base, and most unnatural,  
 Nor can I quell my soaring thoughts so soon,  
 Let it suffice it was a fruitless boon.

*Zelm.* Though your denial insolent appear,  
 It shews you share my blood, despising fear,  
 Live, and your hearts ambition, to regain,  
 I give you leave to wish, nay hope to reign.

*Ptol.* Unconstant hope and full of flattery,  
 You are immortal, sure you cannot dye.

*Zelm.* Though Death proves vassal to my soaring fate,  
 My pow'r is boundless and I may create.  
 I in your reign may dissipate my fears,  
 My youth being past, and some few hundred years,  
 But could your tongue request the Kings reprieve,  
 Knowing I must not reign if he should live,  
 By his decease succession I dare own,  
 And by your nonage can command the Throne,  
 But had he liv'd, fate had my power beguil'd,  
 Ill fare those Realms where Monarchs are too mild,  
 My will shall now the charms of greatness prove,  
 Respect and fear best shews a subjects love.  
 And womens courage by ambition warm'd,  
 Dares laugh at danger, though all Hell stood arm'd. [Exeunt.]

## ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Zelmura, *sola.*

*Zelm.* **H**E's dead, and thus far my designs are blest,  
 Since of the Throne, I solely am posselt,  
 The name of Goddess, bright divinely fair,  
 Has charm'd me so, methinks, I am all air;  
 The Gods, why have not I more pow'r then they,  
 Men dare not me, but most them disobey,  
 This head that never wanted a design,  
 To satisfy ambition, shall divine  
 Into the peoples hearts when factious grown,  
 And wrest out their intentions with a frown,  
 But whilst my mind in these affairs, I move,  
 I play the tyrant with my Smoother'd Love.  
 My heart with Passion for the Prince it warm'd,  
 And he is with my Sisters beauty charm'd;  
 But thrive my Plots that bud with tender growth,  
 And what he now admires he then shall loath.

*Mileta,**Milet.* ———— Madding.*Zelm.* ———— Set *Amasis* free.[Exit *Melet.*

And bid her wait me in the Gallery,  
 Shall theams of Vertue make *Zelmura* pine,  
 All ills of womens frailty I resign  
 I bear a Spirit brave and masculine,  
 My pleasures are my Gods, and passions birth,  
 Uncurb'd, and lawless is my Heaven on Earth.

[Exit.

SCENE.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Ptolomy, Philopater, Achmades.*

*Ptol.* The injur'd peoples murmurs now grow load,  
And many into Private factions croud,  
So look't the sick and fester'd state of *Rome*,  
By mighty *Julius* Tyranny o'recome.

*Phillo.* Their fate though bad was better far then ours,  
*Cesar* and *Pompey*, though their fame and powers,  
Were mighty and divided, yet both stood,  
As potent Champions for the Publick good,  
But in *Zelmura's* actions 'tis made known,  
She vallues no disasters but her own.

*Achm.* Unvallued Sumes of Gold she hourly heaps,  
And by oppressing taxes treasure reaps,  
Whilst helpless Age in holes unpittied lye,  
Forc't by the dearth of food to starve and dye.

*Enter Zelmura and Amalia.*

See where she comes.

*Zelm.* ——— Fate has decreed it so.  
And I in vain should a resistance shew.

*Phillo.* I read a storm in her reverted Eyes.

*Zelm.* How dare you interrupt my privacies, [*aside.*  
to them.

Have we no passage free, this insolence  
Merits the worst of my displeasure, Hence: —

*Phillo.* What throngs of Demons her ambition sway. [*aside.*

*Zelm.* What's that your murmur.

*Phillo.* ——— Nothing, but obey. [*Exeunt.*

*Zelm.* That I do Love him is as certain true,  
As that he Loves, and is belov'd by you,  
And as the pow'r is boundless, that is due  
To my high state, so is my passion too.  
Your glimmering Love do's in small embers shine,  
But a consuming *Aetna*, flames in mine,  
Forget him then since mildly, at you hand,  
I beg, what I have power to command.

*Amal.*

*Amas.* A barb'rous Pow'r, that can so cruel prove,  
To fright a Virgin from a vertuous Love,  
A Love with mutual vows so firmly bought,  
That Death lyes coucht in a dispairing thought.

*Zelm.* Dispair no, that sad guest I will remove.  
I give you leave to hope but not to Love,  
A look methinks might satiate one so young,  
Your growing Passion cannot yet be strong,  
And though affection he on me bestowes,  
And Loves not you, yet you may hope, he does.

*Amas.* He cannot be unjust, his purity  
Ne're lent attention to inconstancy,  
Our Passions, like our vertues, equal were,  
Though not too fierce, as much as we could bear.

*Zelm.* My nature do's a swifter pleasure prove,  
She hates dull vertue that does firmly Love,  
Besides your pulse, so temperate and slow,  
Inspires me to believe, your Love is so.

*Amas.* A temperate Love with modest passion grac't,  
Excell a feircer and will longer last,  
A chast heart to it selfe's a Paradice,  
But Love if wanting modesty is vice.

*Zelm.* Are these Stale Morals, theams for you and me,  
These Musty reliicks of dull Piety,  
Know fool, that Vertue and Religion now  
Is not embrac't for practice but for shew,  
To sooth the vulgar errors of these times,  
And set a shining Glos upon our crimes,  
If I were poor, I might have zealous been,  
But Moral vertue is below a Queen,  
And modelty with passions that aspire,  
Agrees like water when comixt with fire.

*Amas.* Oh impious Age that licenses such crimes.

*Zelm.* Thou art a fool, I know 'em prudent times,  
Few waste their breath in Pray'r, but th' ignorant.  
Piety suits not us, but such as want,  
For to be Potent, rich, and zealous, too,  
I think is more, then flesh and blood can do.

*Amas.* Oh that I had but learning to dispute,  
And the gross errors of your words confute,

But

But from the theam you wildly have digrest.  
Come to the Point, and tell me your request.

*Zelm.* 'Tis this, that you'd suppress your extasie,  
And prudently resign the Prince to me,  
Perform it well, and you my heart have won,  
Tis somewhat strange but yet it must be done.

*Amas.* Resign' my Love! a horrid Cruelty,  
Yet though I cannot doe it, I can die.

*Zelm.* Die then [offers to stab her.]

and by thy Speedy death remove  
The onely fatal Rival of my Love.

*Amas.* Oh hold, for though with death I am not scar'd,  
Forbear a little, I'm not yet prepar'd.

*Zelm.* My rage brooks no delay, do it or bleed.

*Amas.* Hold, oh for pity, speak, declare the deed;  
What must I doe?

*Zelm.* ————— Visit the Prince with me,  
And there renounce your former constancy.  
Though Love he still endeavour to explain  
Meet all his favours with a Coy disdain:  
Shrouding your eyes in frowns, speak void of fear,  
For I'll be plac't where I can see and hear;  
Be haughty, that no plot he may descry,  
But if you fail that moment you shall die.

*Amas.* Such tyranny was never yet exprest.

*Zelm.* Of too great Evils you may choose the least.

*Amas.* Let me consider; yes, it shall be done. [pause.]

The pow'r of fate may alter what's begun,  
His hate to her, may Jealousie remove,  
And prove a means still to preserve our Love.  
I will perform your suit, but in the deed  
I give my self a wound will ever bleed,  
As dying Pellicans their blood resign,  
So to procure your blisse, I ruin mine.

[aside]

[to the Queen]

*Zelm.* Lets thither streight, if thou perform'st it well  
Thou bringst me heaven.

*Amas.* ————— but my self a Hell.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

*Enter Ptolomy, Philopater, Achmades.*

*Ptol.* **W**Ho, at the Tilt last night most honour won?  
*Phillo.* The noble *Caliph, Micerenus* Son,  
 Obtain'd the Ruby, he five Warriours forc't.  
 To leave the field, and twice five more unhurt,  
 Himself unhurt still prancing round the place,  
 Manag'd his foamy Steed with ample grace,  
 When brave *Cephrenes*, hoping victory,  
 Charg'd him, whose fight I could not stay to see.

*Enter Zichmi.*

Your haste does some unlook'd for news declare.

*Zich.* To arms, to arms, we are surpriz'd, I fear:  
 For standing on the Eastern Tow'r, whose height  
 Makes the Skies frown, and Earth shake with its weight,  
 I saw the Beacons near the shore on fire,  
 Which to the Skies did in small sparks aspire,  
 And the next object, which my eyes did grace,  
 Were armed Troops, that mov'd towards this place.  
 The City trembles at these new alarms,  
 And in the Streets the stubborn faction swarms;  
 For by a Post new come report is spread,  
 They'r Syrian Troops, and by the Sultan led.

*Ptol.* Unlook'd for mischief, oh, my boding fears.

*Achm.* Has the Qeen heard the news?

*Zichm.* ————— There's no one dares,  
 Possess her with it.

*Ptol.* Ha, no dares, yes I,  
 Were death the sequel, would th' adventure try:  
 Let base and fordid spirits nourish fears,  
 My courage shall supply my want of years.  
 Streight raise what pow'rs you can,

[*to Zichmi*

be it your care [*to Phillo:*

To calm the Commons, and prepare for War.  
 Great Gods permit not *Egypt* thus to fall,  
 Revenge not private Crimes in general,

The



The blot in future Ages will remain,  
 And on your Godhead fix a lasting stain,  
 But e're our necks endure captivity,  
 Like Romans, our own swords shall set us free. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A Prison.

Moaron, reading.

Moar **C**ontent is Pilot to a happy State,  
 And 'tis a bliss to be unfortunate.  
 A rigid Text, yet Seneca was wise,  
 He taught men how disasters to despise,  
 To purge their lives from ill, and learn to die  
 By occult Reasons in Philosophy,  
 But had he lov'd like me, he had confest  
 No Hell like to a confin'd Lovers breast.  
 The branded wretch, that tugs the slavish Oar,  
 Spent with dispairst and wants controuling pow'r,  
 Yet still contented, lives in hopes to see  
 Once more the long wish'd hour of Liberty:  
 But I, contemning my unhappy Stars,  
 Still waste my life in Labyrinths of Cares.

*Enter Zelmura and Amasis at the door.*

Zelm. Yonder he sits, now boldly enter here  
 And from this place, your words can reach my ear. [Exit behind

Amas. Hold now my hear,

Moar. ——— Hah heavens, whats this I see,  
 Can prison walls shrowd such divinity!

Amas. D'you, know me Sir?

Moar. ——— Not yet, for Joyes extream  
 Perswades my fancy that I do but dream.

Amas. Awake then and beleive.

Moar. Such was her hand, [kissing her hand  
 And such the sweetnesse that did first command,  
 And fetter my rough heart, my doubts are gone,  
 But tell me, Sweet, how came you thus alone?  
 How could you scape the guards and not beseen,  
 By cruel Spyes from the more cruel Queen?

Or did the Gods, Compassionating Love,  
To yield me comfort, drop you from above.

*Amas.* My coming was not at so strange a rate,  
But from the entrance of the Castle gate.  
Through all the guards I had a passage free,  
Who void of doubts gave me this liberty.

*Moar.* Unlookt for happineffe.

*Amas.* ———— hold Sir, you shew  
Too much of Joy, till you my businesse know.

*Moar.* What businesse can you have, but to remove  
Doubts that molest us and renew our Love.

*Amas.* Grief ties my tongue, how shall I utter it. [aside

*Moar.* Silence, bright Soul, for Lovers is not fit.  
Say, what ill news?

*Amas.* ———— Aid me ye Deities :  
Then breifly thus, our love with mutual ties  
Of firm affection oft has dar'd our fate,  
And thereby made us both unfortunate,  
This makes me (conscious of what griefs arise  
From wilful love, what plagues, what Miseries.)

As freind to your good fortune to request,  
That you would change. I cannot speak the rest, [aside  
Love charms my utterance and denies me power.

*Zelm.behind.* Do it, or do not hope to live an hour.

*Moar.* To change my Love, how, do not give my sense  
Cause to reprove such charming Excellence.  
Your breath till now stand Roses in the bud,  
The Western gales were not so sweet, so good,  
But this request has soild your lustre so,  
What was divine does now but mortal shew.

*Amas.* Let not vain hopes too much beguile your Youth,  
Our holy Prophet ne're spoke more truth,  
For to make kind our future destiny,  
You may suppress your love, and so must I.  
Live happy therefore and past Joyes restore,  
But from this moment never love me more.

'Tis out, and now shroud me some gloomy cloud. [Exit.

*Moar.* Such words the Gods durst not have spoke so loud.  
Rend Earth i'th' midst, and split ye fatal Skies,  
Whose Planets dare to appoint such prodigies.

To Caves immense let th' Elements retire,  
 And mix together earth, air, sea, and fire,  
 Till mingled in confusion, all may be,  
 As first they were, in natures infancy :  
 For since this age, do's pristine ills surpass,  
 Oh happy *Choar*, where no fallhood was,  
 A barb'rous Princess, who would beauty trust,  
 Who would believe in vertue or be just,  
 If vertue this allows in noble blood,  
 Vertue's a crime and vice it self is good,  
 The Gods themselves, if tamely this they see,  
 Are false and baser than mortallity.

*Enter Zelmura.*

*Zelm.* What Demon Sir hath alter'd thus your fate,  
 I met my Sister at the Castle gate,  
 Fire darting from her eyes, her lovely face,  
 So chang'd with rage, it banish'd all her grace;  
 Calling you base, perfidious, false, and then  
 Musing a while, she'd fall to Curse agen,  
 Such rapid frenzies posted from her breast,  
 I could no less then think she was possesst,  
 For she methinks whom passion did so blind,  
 Might have found words more gentle and more kind,  
 But ignorance of the truth me hither draws,  
 To know the reason, and enquire the cause.

*Moar.* The Cause, why Madam, 'dsdeath I cannot tell.  
 'Tis the same Cause that damns the souls in Hell,  
 A Heaven lost for want of loving well.

*Zelm.* Come come, dissemble not, you slighted her,  
 That you to me your passion might prefer,  
 And though I'me haughty vassals, you  
 Shall find a temper that to Love is due,  
 If without more delays you prove your bliss,  
 And your long closely smother'd Love confess.

*Moar.* What strange *Chimera's*, Madam, plague your mind,  
 Love you, by Heaven I hate all woman kind,  
 Not you alone, but all curst Crockadiles,  
 Ye couch damnation in seducing smiles,  
 I've lost my faith to think 'tis Heaven to Love,  
 My sense do's now i'th' contrary move,

For

For if a Hell there be, as it is said,  
'Tis felt when highth of passion is delay'd.

*Zelm.* Perhaps, you'r loth the Guard your words should hear,  
Whisper, Sir, speak it softly in my ear,  
Your merits soon will weigh the ballance down,  
And make me cherish, what deserves a frown.

*Moar.* Frown on your amorists, that causeless dote,  
For by the Azure Heavens, I love you not,  
To be your slave, I never did consent,  
Nor need I whisper what I never meant,

*Zelm.* Hah, never meant it, was it not for me  
You slighted thus my sisters amity,  
Could for meaner Causes faith remove,  
Then th' happiness that still attends my Love,  
'Tis contrary to reason, and you try  
My utmost patience, if you this deny.

*Moar.* D'sdeath, Madam, do ye think I can be brought.  
To cherish Passion, by perswasions wrought,  
Bereav'd of reason, that should crimes reprove,  
Forc't to affect, and fool'd into a Love.  
Your eyes my heart do rather freez than warm,  
And your addressles rather vex than charm,  
Fate makes me to despise, what you propound,  
If this be Love, I have a Mortal wound.

*Zelm.* Gods can I hear this tamely, die proud fool,  
And with thy blood my boundless passion cool,

*{Goes to stab him, he wrests the Dagger  
from her.*

*Zelm.* Take it, and boast thou hast more strength than I,  
But fixt it here, and see how I can die.

*Moar.* No live, and o're such abject fate controul,  
You merit it, you have a noble soul.

*Zelm.* Oh, I could curse, but it will do no good,  
And tear this burning fever from my blood,  
But Love the prouder Tyrant conquers me.

*Enter Ptollomy hastily.*

Hah whence proceed these suddain new Alarms.

*Moar.* Fate grant I guess aright.

*Ptollo.* — — — To arms, to arms.  
The Potent *Syrians* with a mighty host,

Are

Are past resistance landed on our Coast,  
 The City trembles, and the factions swarm,  
 And with their uncurb'd shouts, augment th' alarm.  
 Use some swift means, great Queen, to stint this strife,  
 Least the unruly tumult seek your Life.

*Zelm.* Curse on the faithless slaves; but art thou sure  
 The troops approaching are the *Syrian* power.

*Ptollo.* Our Messengers affirm it, and we may  
 From Turrets easily discern 'tis they.

*Zelm.* They'r welcome, and they'r coming do's produce,  
 In me much Joy, my rustling sword wants use,  
 All low thoughts vanish now to empty air,  
 I will no leisure for dull passion spare,  
 War may perhaps from my brave heart remove,  
 The agony of this tempestuous Love,  
 Whilst my heroick fate once known before,  
 Shall guide my sword to conquer 'em once more.

*Moor.* This happy news do's with my wish comply,  
 And gives me present hopes of liberty.

*Enter Achmades, Phillopater, Zichmi.*

*Achm.* The foe's already come so near, that we  
 From our high towers may their banners see,  
 The people trembling with a suddain fright,  
 Run through the streets and Curse the fatal light,  
 But th' factions I have with persuasions wrought,  
 And in good order to the Pallace brought,  
 Your presence, Madam, their mistrusts will clear,  
 And make them dare the foe they late did fear.

*Zelm.* That satisfaction they shall reap from me.

I knew they durst not long perfidious be,  
 My breath can lift 'em up or cast 'em down,  
 Save with a smile, or Martyr with a frown,

Go, and with speed draw up the Cavalry,

[to Achm.]

And in *Battalia* place the infantry,

[Exit Achm.]

Possess their minds with hopes of great reward,

And cull the choicest soldiers for my guard,

[to Phillopater.]

You to your charge, and *Ptolomy* take care

[Exit Phillopater.]

There be no tumult, that may stint the war,

*Zichmi* thy faith so noble hath been shewn,

In the defence of my exalted Throne.

That

That to thy guard my sister I resign,  
Be careful, and close pris'ner her confine,  
Till you my Signet for her freedom see.

*Zichmi.* I'll not dispute, but act your great decree. [Exit.

*Zelm.* And now one act of honour I'll do more,  
And therefore Sir your liberty restore,  
Lead on your troops, brave Prince, nay all thanks spare,  
Meet me i'th' Army's head, and thank me there,  
You cannot braver gratitude afford,  
Then nobly there to thank me with your Sword,  
Charm me *Belona* with thy chiefest good,  
And to meet fame I'll swim o're Seas of blood,  
Contemn black danger with a threatening breath,  
And Grasp at honour in the jaws of Death.

[Exeunt *Queen and Ptolomy.*

*Moar.* Gods, what a soul do's that weak fabrick hold,  
Such courage ill befits so frail a mould,  
Her Spirit a whole Legion would inspire,  
And turn cold cowardize to Glowing fire,  
I envy her, methinks a heart so brave,  
A mind so haughty none but I should have.  
If man be the more brave and noble name.  
Why should weak woman rob us of our fame,  
I'll to our troops and try if I can prove,  
A kinder fate then I receav'd from Love.  
If not the doom of Heaven I will reverse  
And my own bosome with my own hand peirce. [Exit.

*Zichmi returns.*

*Zichmi.* Her sister to my guard resign'd, blest fate,  
That to revenge givest so secure a state,  
My too long smother'd hate I now will shew,  
And to my aid invoke the Fiends below,  
Dull *Queen* couldst thou believe I faith e're knew,  
For her whose barb'rous hands my Brother slew,  
No, Murders to his soul, I did bequeath  
Thy tainted blood, and then decreed thy death,  
But now thy sisters rape shall first begin,  
The tragick scene, and broach a greater sin,  
Then in thy blood my bliss I will obtain,  
Revenge is sweetest then when most obscene.

[Exit.  
SCENE



## S C E N E. V.

*Enter Selabdin, Aldabar, Psamnis,  
and Syrian Soldiers.*

*Selab.* **T**HUS far our enterprize proves fortunate,  
Favour'd by heaven and propitious fate.

Dur happy forces with a noble hast,  
High rocks and barren Mountains have o'repast,  
Of this parcht climate desolate and waste,  
Proud Queen, success thou didst but ill divine,  
When thou my Son ignobly didst confine,  
Or that his fate e're long might turn to thine.  
But by my deeds thy pride shall quickly see,  
A Father's Courage, Love, and Piety.

*Psamm.* The King late murder'd by her Tyranny,  
Methinks should pluck down vengeance from the skie.  
And to requite, the worst of torture's due:  
Death will oblige her if receiv'd from you.

*Aldab.* Heroes alone, by Monarchs hands should die,  
Trophies most fit for sacred Majesty,  
Which in this war your power might pursue,  
Were the brave Prince but here to second you,  
But till his sword we in our troops have seen,  
'Tis vain to think to captivate the Queen,  
But we are tardy let us hence to night,  
And charge their drowzy guards e're mornings light.

*Selab.* Brave soul yet stay such hast our power may wrong,  
Our men are tir'd, and the Journey's long,  
Let therefore all our troops to night be drawn,  
In order to be ready with the Dawn,  
A mornings march will bring our army down,  
To fix our tents in prospect of the town,  
Amidst your bounty, Gods grant but this one,  
Give but my age pow'r to revenge my Son,  
My incense smoke shall dim your azure skies,  
And feast you with continual sacrifice.  
What means this shout.

*Shout.*

H

*Enter*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* May heaven, great Sir, your Enemy's destroy,  
As it do's now procure the general Joy,  
The Prince.

*Selab.* ——— Hah, what of him.

*Mess.* — Thus low by me  
In humblest duty greets your Majesty.

*Selab.* Thou dar'st not mock me.

*Mess.* ——— Not, and hope to live,  
But him you cannot hope for, there receive.

*Enter Moaron and kneels.* —

*Selab.* This Scene of Joy do's my past griefs allwage,  
Welcome thou prop of my declining age,  
Honour forget my weakness this blest day,  
If nature makes my eyes some tribute pay,  
By say, what more then God did set thee free,  
Or was it some transcendant Deity,  
Whose pow'r we know not, and must therefore pay  
A reverence fitting so supream a sway.

*Moar.* No Sir, the Gods, I have not found so just,  
'Twas on a Cause much more miraculous,  
No troops of daring Soldiers did I see,  
Forcing their way through death to set me free,  
Heaven for my succour no such aid decreed,  
'Twas the brave Queen her self perform'd this deed.

*Selab.* The Queen, unheard of Nobleness.

*Moar.* ——— 'Twas she,  
That scorning fate pronounc't my liberty,

*Selab.* Wonder invades my breast, but say what cause  
From her proud soul this generous action draws,  
Honour, or did her fear take safer course,  
To render what my pow'r e're long might force.

*Moar.* Her haughty courage only fame persues,  
Contemning fortunes ill; for when the news  
Of your arrival came no signs of fear,  
Or dull mistrust did in her face appear,  
But with a look that did her heart express,  
She heard the story of your good success,  
Then rising from her seat, and seeing where  
Her Nobles looks betray'd their doubtful fear,

With

With an undaunted voice She strove to inspire  
 Their freezing Courages with her own fire,  
 Her brave Oration past, she turn'd to me,  
 And with a dauntless generosity,  
 Voting my liberty spoke thus. — — —  
 Lead on your troops, and there your thanks afford,  
 Where the rough Language of the reeking Sword,  
 Disputes in honours cause, and only deeds,  
 Not words, for grateful actions intercedes:  
 This said she from my Presence did retire,  
 And left me there to envy and admire.

*Selab.* For this brave act all grateful thanks is due,  
 She do's at once flight and oblige me too.  
 Good Heaven direct my actions how to pay  
 Her generous heart the best and noblest way,  
 And since the Gods decree no war in vain,  
 May the sublimest cause the Lawrel gain.

*Moar.* He that i'th' Battle dares to second me,  
 Reaps from my heart a Brothers amity,  
 A Cowards soul destructive fears surround,  
 Whilst the brave Soldier smiles upon his wound,  
 With brandisht Sword he cuts his way before,  
 Not fearing numbers or mistrusting pow'r,  
 Steel me thou daring God of Martial souls,  
 Whose blest unbounded influence controuls  
 O're death despising *Hero's*, make my arm  
 Strong like my will to do and suffer harm,  
 That doing what a Nat'ral pow'r exceeds,  
 Proud death may gaze, and wonder at the deeds,  
 His rigour could not equal, but at last,  
 If through continued wounds my spirits haste,  
 To leave their Mansions. Grant me this kind fate,  
 Within this arm fresh vigour to create,  
 Till from my heap of victims gushing blood,  
 Make on the barren Earth a swelling flood,  
 That like a Conquerour, I may, when dead,  
 Swim to *Elysium* through the blood I shed.

*Selab.* Such vertue, Heaven must guard or cease to be,  
 What Mortals think, the seat of Piety,  
 If in this enterprize the Gods ordain,

A fate that puts a Period to my reign,  
My happy Age shall yet this honour have.  
To lie with victims pil'd upon my grave.

[Exeunt,

## ACT. V. SCENE I.

Zelmura, Phillopater, Achmades, Ptolomy,  
and Egyptian Souldiers.

Zelm **C**ommand our Moors the onset first to give,  
And bring the *Caliphs* troops to their relief,  
If you would purchase to your heirs a name  
Ever adherent to the Parents fame,  
Unsheath your willing Swords and follow me,  
To fetch the glorious palm of victory,  
Death's but a trifle unto those that dare,  
Pain only seizes such as basely fear,  
Slain in your Countries cause you shall possess,  
The quintessence of heavenly happiness,  
In green cool shady Grottoes you shall dwell,  
And from your heaven see the *Syrians* hell,  
That vex with tortures shall in caverns pine,  
For aiming at a fate so high as mine.

*Ptol.* Let your free votes your willing minds relate.

*Om.* Long live *Zelmura*, Goddess of our fate.

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Souldier.* The foe great Queen is Marching within fight,  
All resolute and ready for the fight,  
The Souldiers only for your orders stay,  
To try the happy fortune of this day.

*Zelm.* Now they are brave since jointly they proclaim,  
Their lives as vassals to immortal fame.  
There is no bliss like honour, 'tis the Star,  
That guides the noble *Hero's* from a far,  
Draws him from earth where fear and horror swims,  
To dwell with Gods, and radiant cherubims

While

Whilst the poor soulless slave that do's possess,  
 Nothing but earth to frame a happiness,  
 Pines here below for dröfs, and hourly dies  
 For what bright honour makes my soul despise.  
 Beat an alarm raize our Banners high,  
 In such a Cause it is a blifs to die. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II.

Zichmi, Amasis.

Zichmi **M** Adam in flighting thus my proffer'd Love,  
 You flight your blifs and happiness remove,  
 The Queen to me your person did assign,  
 With a strict charge to keep you still confin'd  
 But your desert such cruelty withstands,  
 And makes me slight her arrogant commands,  
 If, Gentle Fair, my Joyes you would enthrone,  
 And grace my fervent passion with your own.

Amas. Can Heaven such insolence unpunisht bear,  
 If by the Queens command, Sir, you appear  
 My rude controuler, and my Jailor here,  
 Perform your Duty with a careful breast,  
 But dare not thus my privacy's molest,  
 Least to my sister I declare at large,  
 How ill her *Argus* did perform his Charge.

Zichm. These threats are vain, the Queens whole pow'r I  
 slight,  
 She is preparing for the dreadful fight,  
 Involv'd in blood and horror, but I mean,  
 In Love to prove a more delightful Scene.  
 'Tis true I am not lifted to that heighth,  
 To be a King, and so reputed great,  
 Yet love makes me a Monarch in concept.  
 And in your arms I shall be nobler far,  
 Then *Romans* in their greatest triumphs were.

Amas. My arms, was e're such arrogance yet seen.  
 D' you know me, Sir, I'm sister to the Queen,  
 A Princess, whose high fate you should admire,

And

And not molest with your abus'd desire.

*Zichm.* I know your high estate, and therefore move  
My suite thus humbly to request your Love,  
I will not say I merit your high birth,  
That were to set a price upon your worth,  
But passion keeps my senses from despair,  
In Love and Death, all mortals equal are.

*Amas.* By that ill rule you half mankind deprave,  
And make a Monarch equal with a slave,  
Since both may Love, but canst thou hope to be,  
(Rais'd by unruly Love) equal to me,  
Recant, dull fool, before it be too late,  
And draw not on your self a certain fate.

*Zichm.* Fate affright those that fear some mighty power,  
All firm allegiance I renounce this hour,  
I hate the Queen, and dare declare it too  
Thus boldly in my lawless Love to you,  
My late observ'd fidelity was shewn,  
Not for the Nations profit but my own.

*Amas.* And can you hope to live, when this is known.

*Zichm.* My thoughts reach not so far, controuling Love  
Usurps my heart and do's all doubts remove,  
I shroud a fire that surpasses Hell.

*Amas.* Cannot the thought of death your passion quell.

*Zichm.* Death no, let such base fears weak souls annoy,  
I love you, and your beauty's will enjoy,  
But I'm too tame, some women I have known?  
Love to be forc't, and perhaps you are one, [goes to seize on her.

*Amas.* Stand off, what Demon do's thy breast inspire,  
To use a Princess thus? —

*Zichm.* ——— Love and desire,  
Why do you look like one that is amaz'd,  
To see a fury you, your self hath rais'd, } takes hold  
of her.

*Amas.* Guard me good heavens, have you no re- } to him.  
morce, } [mildly

Think you I ever can be won by force,  
Good Gods what flinty natures men possess,  
Cruel as Tigers in the Wilderness,  
And hungry Lyons thirsting after prey,  
Though void of sense, more pity have than they,

Can



Can you e're think if mildness you remove,  
 Your threatnings ever can increase my Love,  
 Love a soft peircing motion should bequeath,  
 Known by the pulse, an eye, or short quick breath,  
 But you the utmost bounds of Passion shew,  
 And treat a Virgin as you treat a foe,

*Zichm.* Forgive me then, and think I did  
 express, *Letting her go,*

My late rash words but through my love excess,  
 I now too late repent the insolence,  
 And beg thus low a pardon for the offence,  
 Fair, Lovely, Kind, I would be milder yet,  
 Can you my past unmanly Crime forget,  
 In other Acts our reason rules above,  
 But proves a vassal to our haughty Love,  
 Remember, Madam, fates controuling Laws,  
 And let your charming beauty plead my cause.

*Amas.* This yet is something better, noble minds,  
 Humility not stubborn roughness binds,  
 Their uncurb'd souls forc't down still upward tends,  
 Like unwrought steel that breaks before it bends.  
 Oh cruel fate, that thus can force my tongue,  
 Against my heart t' extenuate a wrong,  
 Forcing my nature, driven to despair,  
 To cherish Vipers, that infect the air.

[*aside.*

[*Exit.*

*Zichm.* So she begins to yeild, when women pause  
 A little Courtship, the agreement draws,  
 I've long desir'd enjoyment of her Love,  
 But ne're till now durst my petition move,  
 Wanting occasion to perform my will,  
 And daring boldness for an act so ill,  
 Not that I own much passion, but my spleen,  
 This way revenges me upon the Queen,  
 The Queen, to whom I mortal hatred bear,  
 A hate deserv'd, unbounded, and severe:  
 Nor can a Petty Jar, an abject strife,  
 In the depriving of her single life  
 Abate the plague of my revengeful breath,  
 Her sisters rape must usher in her death,  
 That action will not only horrid be

But

{ shows a  
dagger.

[Exit.

**SCENE III.**

## Should You Alarm?

*Enter Zelmura, her sword drawn.*

*Zelm.* Shame and confusion seize 'em how they run,  
Their slow feet now, our strips the Postern Sun,  
Oh Shameful nature, that with fear controuls,  
Over the better half of humane souls,  
Your Sex be ever branded for this deed,  
A Sex that only can in vice exceed,  
Were I a man and consequently blest,  
With that excelling vigor they possess,  
My Arm with Trophies should this realm have stor'd,  
Of Monarchs that paid tribute to my Sword,  
But henceforth let the title only frame  
A lasting blot to mens eternal shame,  
For if a womans Courage can convince,  
'Tis fit the Sex should bear preheminance,  
With smiles I'll meet with death but first set free,  
My Captiv'd soul from Gripping Jealousie,

**And**

My Sisters death my fears shall soon remove,  
 I cannot dye and leave her here to Love.  
 And the brave Prince I know will soon consent,  
 But what I fear I will with haste prevent.

[Exit.]

## S C E N E,

*A Tent Royal.*

Selabdin, Aldabar, and Souldiers. Phillopaten,  
 Ptolomy, Achmades, Prisoners.

*Selab.* Sound a retreat to our remaining Pow'rs,  
 Since fate now plainly shews, the conquest ours,  
 'Tis it your charge to keep the Pris'ners Close, [to Aldabar.  
 Till at my leaseure. I their fate dispose,  
 But see the Author of our happiness,  
 And brave disposer of our good success,

{ Enter Moaron, Psamnis, and Souldiers.  
 } Moaron kneels to Selabdin.

This lowly Posture do's some suit express,  
 'Tis thine what e're it be, thou canst not want  
 A Boon that lyes within my pow'r to grant.  
*Moar.* Encourag'd then by awful Majesty,  
 I boldly ask these pris'ners liberty,  
 And though this Land we have by conquest gain'd  
 From hostile acts I beg you to refrain,  
 And still permit the noble Queen to reign,  
 In this a Fathers kindness will be seen,  
 This gives me pow'r to gratifie the Queen,  
 Who Goddess like, while I incompast round  
 With troops of Horse, when reeling on the ground,  
 Dispairing of all aid my Sword I held,  
 Up brandisht thus, to give a last farwel,  
 With an unmatched command their rage appeas'd,  
 And from a swift destruction me releas'd,  
 If then, dread Sir, my merits claim a Place,  
 In th' unvallued blessings of your grace,

I

Give

Give back her Kingdome set these pris'ners free,  
And by one act of generosity  
Perfected, let your glorious deeds relate,  
You excel all in honour as in fate.

*Selab.* To render back a Nation bravely won,  
Honour sole Ransome and to please a Son,  
In stubborn hearts perhaps regret might move  
Where proud ambition swayes paternal Love,  
But I so well thy mind and vertue know,  
In a less act my Love, I cannot shew,  
Thy suit is granted, do what likes thee best,  
Either to sign a Peace or still molest,  
This act shall shew to forraign Enemies,  
How much I honour above profit prize.

*Moor.* This noble grant, all heaven do's out do  
The drowisie Gods can Monarchy bestow,  
But to such fame their title is not good,  
They give no Kingdoms won with loss of blood,  
They Sit on easie Thrones and take delight,  
Being far themselves from hurt, to see us fight,  
But were they flesh and frail Mortallity,  
As timerous and as prone as we to die,  
They'd soon confesse, a dear bought Nation given,  
Would quite surpass the bounty of their heaven.

*Philo* To souls so fraught with Honours  
Dignity's, } Unbinds the  
} Prisoners.

The Gods do justly bestow victory's.

*Ptollo.* This act's so great it were too much to do,  
For any Son of Glory less than you.

*Achn.* Since fate decrees our future Dignity,  
Should the brave off-spring of your bounty be,  
Wee'l to the Queen this joyful news declare,  
And from the peoples hearts vanish despair.

*Selab.* No tumult let on pain of Death be shown,  
When we shall enter with our pow'r the town,  
And see that none my present deeds dispute,  
This act of honour shall be absolute.

*Moor.* In this brave grant you doubly bless your Son.

*Selab.* 'Tis fit you should dispose a Crown you won,  
My age Fame's Lawrels ne're can better know,

Than

Than when they nobly flourish on thy brow,  
 For when the Winter of my blood shall seize  
 My heart and chillness, usher a disease,  
 Thy same resounding load, from every tongue,  
 Shall thaw my veins, and once more make me young. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENA Ultima.

Zichmi, Amasis.

*Zich.* **T**Hese dull delays do only bliss remove,  
 Coucht in the essence of united Love,  
 Madam, you too much time in thought have spent,  
 Dull thought a friend to passion ne're was meant,  
 Dispeirce those frowns that fatal storms presage,  
 And by consenting make this hour an age.

*Amas.* Consider, Sir what torments will succeed,  
 The Curst persuance of so foul a deed.

*Zichm.* I have consider d on my certain fate,  
 I know my death this crime must expiate,  
 But ere I dye in Heav'ns bright Sphere I'll rove,  
 And reach an immortallity by Love,  
 Each minuit will our bliss make more sublime,  
 And put new Sands into the Glas of time.

*Amas.* I cannot Love you thus, this rudeness bears  
 So strange a shape, it do's increase my fears,  
 Calm your fierce passion let the Love you own  
 To my desert, in your respect be shewn,  
 Be milder Sir soft kindness may proclame,  
 My free consent, to what I dare not name,  
 But your impatience do's my passion charm,  
 And gainst your hateful suit my fancy arm,  
 No succour yet approaching, no blest aid.  
 Ye Heav'nly pow'rs releive an injur'd Maid,  
 Hem'd in with horror, and past help distressed.

*Zichm.* In this your sexes frailty is express,  
 Thus you with glossing phrases hope to blind,  
 And then deceive with falshood half mankind,  
 But this gross pill must then be swallow'd by

*[aside.]*

One that dotes more upon your face than I,  
 'Tis true I Love you, but my grosser flame,  
 Burns not so clear, and has a Courser name,  
 Then that which dotards Court you with, a fire  
 Sprung from hot blood, and nourisht with desire,  
 And therefore I, that am not blinded yet,  
 Can look through the thin vail of your deceit,  
 And find that you my passion have delay'd,  
 In expectation of some posting aid,  
 Perhaps because you do mislike my hair,  
 I am not as you wish me fat or fair,  
 For 'tis not vertue or dull modesty,  
 That makes your stubborn tongue my suit deny,  
 No sense of ruin'd Honour is embrac't  
 But only grief the pleasure will not last,  
 Since then I know your Sex prone to be kind,  
 Since your denials plainly shews your mind,  
 I am resolv'd thus the effects to prove,  
 And make revenge my cheifest act of Love, [*goes to seize her.*  
*Amas.* — — — Help help, oh help.

*Enter Zelmura.*

*Zelm.* — — — Hah, our high blood defam'd,  
 Sink Impious slave, to Hell; perjur'd, and damn'd.  
 { *Rushes in and ere he can get his Sword that*  
*lays on the Table wounds him mortally.*

*Zichm.* 'Tis done, thy bloody Sword has forc't its way,  
 Hell, and curst fate still traitors thus repay,  
 Oh that I could but lift my arm so high,  
 To strike one stroke, though I were doom'd to lye  
 Ever in flames, and in Hells Sulphure fry. }  
 I would thy foul through thy life blood persue,  
 And to revenge my Brother, stab that too.  
 But 'tis too late, I'm gone. [*dies.*

*Zelm.* — — — Hast then and die,  
 A horrid Scene of lasting infamy,  
*Amas.* Oh, let me kiss the Sword, that did the deed,  
 And my dear honour from that traitour freed,  
 Heaven of my injur'd innocence took care,  
 'Twas the effects of a chaste Virgins pray'r.

*Zelm.* Our base Egyptians, lives dishonour'd choose,  
 Whist



Whilst the fierce foe victoriously pursues,  
 I only hither fled to thy defence,  
 Least you should suffer by their insolence,  
 'Tis true I think the *Syrian* Prince retains  
 Of his late love, to you some small remains,  
 And might be brought his forces to remove,  
 And to restore the Crown, a prize to Love,  
 But deeds wherein your fame and honour lies,  
 I would do nothing without your advice,  
 Her secret thoughts will now be Straight exprest,  
 And by this Plot I soon shall sound her breast.

} *aside.*

*Amas.* Let not such blest Events be then withstood,  
 My life's too little for the Nations good,  
 Instruct me sister what I have to do,  
 To save the State I'd fate it self pursue.

*Zelm.* No action our great danger can convince,  
 By your consent again to love the Prince.

*Amas.* To Love the Prince, what tides of blessings meet,  
 I love him more, than Angels do their Seat,  
 An ardent passion do's my breast inspire,  
 My life is not so dear.

*Zelm.* ——— Furies and fire. ———

[*aside.*

*Amas.* If that blest action can extend your sway,  
 Lets hence, and see, how gladly, I'll obey.

*Zelm.* ——— Oh horrid.

*Amas.* ——— that all doubts I may remove,  
 I long to see the Object of my Love.

*Zelm.* ——— Behold it then, ——— [drawing her sword.

This is thy Lover, this reluctant toy,  
 The latest bliss, thou ever shalt enjoy,  
 Dull fool, my Jealousie, was strong before,  
 But this confession has inflam'd it more,  
 I did expect, that when I had remov'd  
 Your passions cause, you would forget to Love,  
 But your late words have rais'd my fears again,  
 And in my heart caus'd an unusual pain:  
 A pain so feeling that compar'd to this,  
 Tortures are Joy's, and Hell a Paradise,  
 Therefore prepare to die.

*Amas.* ——— To die, oh, no.

*Zelm.* Stand firmly now, and bravely meet the blow.

*Amas.*

*Amas.* I cannot, oh such horrid thoughts remove,  
 I will perform your will renounce my Love,  
 I'll hate the Prince his proffer'd Love despise,  
 Rail, slight, I can do any thing, but die,  
 Confine me to some Dungeon wanting light,  
 Whose obscure Walls inclose perpetual night,  
 Or place me here, do any thing to give  
 Your self a choice content, but let me live :  
 You in my death all cruelty surpass,  
 Alas, I yet ne'er knew what woman was,  
 Take pity of my Youth and spare my breath,  
 Heaven knows, as yet, I am unfit for death.

*Zelm.* Unfit for Death, how vainly you remove,  
 My Cautious doubts, were you unfit to Love,  
 I might believe your argued policy,  
 But being fit to Love, you're fit to die,

*Amas.* Nature our hearts to passion do's bequeath.

*Zelm.* But nature always must submit to death,  
 Within few years the tyrant will grow bold,

*Amas.* Then Sister do but stay till I am old,

*Zelm.* Oh fit, should lifes reprieve so tedious be,  
 Your death would be an act of charity,  
 By dying young fame Lawrels will provide,  
 And tell succeeding ages how you dy'd.

*Amas.* A fatal glory that no fame can have,  
 But in the gloomy Mansion of the grave,

*Zelm.* Besides some comfort 'tis, you do not die  
 Alone, for I will keep you company,  
 When my brave sword hath sent thee to thy rest,  
 Warm with thy blood it then shall pierce my breast,  
 But should you live and fervently renew  
 His Love, that only to my merit's due,  
 I my revenge, in't other world would boast,  
 And daily haunt thee, with my restless Ghost,  
 But in your Death, I rest shall find, and you  
 A happiness unthought of shall pursue,  
 These shouts declare the Enemy's intent.

[Shout.

I must make hast least fate the deed prevent,  
 Love guide my hand. ———

[wounds Amasis.

*Amas.* Hold, hold, look how I bleed,  
 Let this suffice, oh do not now proceed.

*Zelm.*

*Zelm.* Fond foolish Girl, why dost retard thy bliss,  
Hadt thou stood still thou hadst been dead e're this,  
And free from danger, there [wounds her again.]

*Amasf.* ——— will nothing do,  
Gods must I die thus poorly, basely too,  
Assist me Heaven.

{ *Runs and snatches up Zichmi's sword and  
then comes to the Queen.*

*Zelm.* ——— Is your courage warm'd?

*Amasf.* So now, thanks fate, as well as you I'me arm'd,  
Infernal fury come if I must die,  
Ple give my self a noble destiny,  
If death to nature, be a debt, we owe,  
Ple meet it bravely, come, you move too slow.

*Zelm.* 'Twas bravely done this act I must commend  
It saves your life if you can well defend.

*Amasf.* 'Tis gone, yet in my Death my { *fight and Amasf  
falls.*  
tongue shall move,

Upon no theam but my unspotted Love,  
I feel my life in lukewarm streams depart,  
And natures palefac't tyrant gripes my heart,  
Take Cruel Queen, and by my death receive  
In him the Quintessence of all that's brave, {  
Whilst I surrender heaven that life it gave. }

[Dies.]

*Zelm.* Farewell, to pity thee is now too late,  
A stubborn heart best suits a wretched State,  
And I that scorn'd the ills of destiny,  
Will dare its worst effects and fearless die.  
But what is death, or whither do I go?  
To heaven, or some dark Region plac't below,  
If any State or government serene,  
Be where I am, should hell encrease its spleen, {  
And strive to oppose yet I would be their Queen, }  
Stay thou bright soul of my dear sister stay,  
And be my star to guide me on the way,  
She's cold as earth no greifs her Spirits seize,  
Her pain is vanish and she sleeps in peace,  
And I too long delay, now she is gone,  
But my past promise straight I will make known,  
And thus revenge her Murder, by my own.

[Stabs her self.]

Enter

And { Enter Selabdin, Moaron, Aldabar, Ptolomy,  
 Psamnis, Phillopater, Achmades, Saphre-  
 na. And Guards.

*Moar. entring.* Hold, hold, Oh bale. { Snatches the dagger  
 ful object dismal fate. { from her.,

*Zelm.* No Sir, 'tis done, your triumph comes too late,  
 Too late you think my glory to defame,  
 And fix a blemish on *Zelmura's* name;  
 Besides, this hand that did but lately bear,  
 The lofty Scepter, ill would fetters wear,  
 These two my Sword did late from life { Pointing to Amas  
 remove, { and Zichm.

One for his Lust, t'other for too much Love  
*Phil.o.* Unconstant chance that could permit this deed,  
 See here, great Queen, your Son and subjects freed,  
 Your Cruel hand has rob'd you of your bliss,  
 For at *Moarons* suit you now possess,  
 Your fertile Land your Crown, is back restor'd,  
 By him that won it with his conqu'ring Sword.

*Zelm.* To my lost fame they ill their bounty use,  
 To give what I for ever must refuse.

*Moar.* What envious demon, did your rage incite,  
 This to eclipse your sisters glorious light,  
 Oh, Cruel Queen, how could you pierce her breast,  
 In whose Angellick sight mankind was blest,  
 Her excellence made heaven appear a shade,  
 And had not a frail mind her Mortal made;  
 She would have been a Goddess more divine,  
 Then e'r in Starry robes do's yonder shine.

*Zelm.* Let not your fancy faithless thoughts pursue,  
 Know Sir, she to your Love, was heavenly true,  
 It was my pow'r made her your flame withstand,  
 Nor durst she disobey my fierce command,  
 So strong a jealousy my heart did grieve,  
 I could not die in peace, and let her live,  
 But now I know no Rivals in my Love,  
 My daring Soul shall vaunt i'th' Clouds above?  
 Blow, blow, ye winds, and mount my spirit high,  
 Above the azure Mountains of the skie,  
 And since no longer I am mortal here,

Let

Let Heav'n translate me to a Goddess there,  
 Crown'd in bright *Cassiopeas* Starry Chair,  
 Farewell the pleasing cares of Majesty,  
 Now lost for ever, late possess'd by me,  
 The glittering pleasures that with state do dwell,  
 And crouds of crouching Vassals, all farewell;  
 I faint, methinks cold mists my eyes subvert,  
 And envious death sits crown'd upon my heart,  
 But Tyrant know thy pow'r, I still defy,  
 Thus dare thy greatest rigour, and thus die:

*Selab.* Farewel, thou type of never dying fame,  
 Whose lamp of honour shall for ever flame.

*Moar.* Injurious Gods, and too tyrannick fate  
 That givest to noble lives so short a date,  
 That rob'st divine perfection of her store,  
 Which thus at wast' consum'd makes Nations poor  
 Was't not enough, Oh Envious, to subdue,  
 A Queen whose Second, *Africk* never knew,  
 But you must stop this Princess amber breath,  
 And proudly triumph in a Virgins death,  
 Heaven now, methinks, ungrateful do's appear,  
 These deeds had ne'r be done, had I sat there.

*Selab.* Reclaim, your passion, 'tis a Peasants curse,  
 That never quells our grief but makes it worse,  
 You, to my yet unquestion'd pow'r must own, { to Phil.  
& Achm.  
 Obedience and pay tribute to my Crown.

*Om.* Ye must obey our fate,

*Selab.* — That done wee'l cease,  
 From hostile actions and conclude a Peace.

*Ptolu.* My Mother slain, my Country lost, and fame,  
 Take Gods that life you lend with so { Goes to stab himself but  
is hindred.  
 much shame.

*Selab.* Convey him hence, and him your Monarch own,  
 And next successor, to the Egyptian throne,  
 Great Spirits in distress must Courted be,  
 Disdain or pity, augments misery

*Om.* May heaven still your sword with { Exeunt Achm.  
with Ptolu.  
 conquest bless,

*Selab.* My age no greater glory can possess,  
 Then using Mercy when I may controul,

Great deeds exprefs the greatness of the foul.

*Moar.* From henceforth droffy passions I'll remove,  
 And guard my self from the Curst baits of Love,  
 Honour shall be my Mistris now I'll trye,  
 Remoter Regions where the dusky sky,  
 For want of *Phæbus* Luster hinders me,  
 Of light to grace a glorious victory,  
 Soft Passion feels afflictions smarting Rod,  
 Whilst glorious honour makes a man, a God,  
 Gives him a Will to dare, and pow'r to do,  
 Strength to engage, and courage to pursue,  
 Lead to the Temple, and to Earth translate,  
 These mighty Trophies of most powerful fate,  
 That done in Glittering arms I'll to the field,  
 First wear a Cypress wreath and next a shield.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

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**F I N I S.**

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# EPILOGUE

**E**ven as a too fond Lover waits the day,  
While his Proud Mistris frowns will waste away,  
That fears, yet hopes, and all her scorn do's bear  
With a known patience great, as she severe,  
At last to rage by her behaviour mov'd,  
Flies off, and hates what he so dearly lov'd,  
So we, that have so often strove to raise  
Your good opinions courted your with plays  
New, and as we thought witty, but too late  
We found your Censures, our rigid fate,  
Are now resolv'd that this ensuing night,  
We will your long continued envy slight,  
If no truce of Courtesy can make ye  
Be favourable, why the Devil take ye  
If you'l be kind, as you must all confess,  
You have kind to those deserv'd it less,  
We'll thank you, and remit past grievances,  
If not, then I instead of praise will curse,  
And wish with a full heart, but empty Purse,  
That you may meet fresh rancour in your doxes,  
And what I think can hardly be, more Poxes.

FINIS.